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From Beginning

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WHAT THE GERMANS THINK OF WILHELM II

LIKE so many other things, the abdication of the Kaiser came much too late to have an important influence upon the course of events. A storm has swept over the land, in comparison with which the abdication of the Kaiser and the renunciation of the throne by the Crown Prince have lost the significance which they might have had under different circumstances. The flood would have swept them away even if they had not resigned at the last moment, it is the German revolution rather than the Kaiser's overthrow, which is stirring foreign opinion and the conservatism of those Germans who have not yet really credited the seriousness of our democratic reform.

Wilhelm II hesitated a long time to take a step that had become inevitable. We will not attempt to interpret his processes of thought. They have had great influence on German history during the last thirty years and have determined his attitude up to the last moment. We must assume that his delay in renouncing the throne was not due merely to external events. For the Kaiser cherished not only a belief in his ability to retain the crown but also a sense of his obligation to do so. Such action would agree with his conception of the functions of Kaiser and King. From the time he ascended his throne until the present time he has insisted upon the idea of a monarch by the grace of God, of his burdensome duties and labors, of his frightful responsibility to his Creator alone, from which he could not be released by any human being, by any parliament, by any nation.

The extraordinary and almost supernatural status which the monarchy has always possessed in the eyes of Wilhelm II, gives a clue to those personal peculiarities which have characterized his reign. A man who believes that he not only was born to the throne, but that this fact places him close to the Deity himself and thus gives him an exceptional status in the world, will be very much inclined to regard himself as the centre of everything, and to wish, demand, and command that everything follow his own will, without considering whether he is mentally competent thus to order and direct the course of events. Self-criticism and modesty in these respects are absolutely foreign to his nature, for he believes himself divinely appointed. Adding to this situation the flattering atmosphere of the court — such an atmosphere as constantly prevailed in the immediate and even the distant

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environment of Wilhelm II — and you have no limit to what a monarch conceives himself able to accomplish. Inspired by this conviction, the Kaiser has pretended to authority in every field. He posed as an artist, a scholar, an engineer, an architect, a soldier, a navigator, and a statesman. How gladly we would have forgiven him for insisting that his marble *allée* in Berlin was an artistic achievement not excelled in the days of the Renaissance. And how gladly we would have forgiven many other things of the same kind. But we cannot separate these facts from others of his reign, for all his actions sprang from the same root. He, appointed by the grace of God, desired to manage everything, and demanded that even those whom he called in for counsel should submit completely to his domination. This was a catastrophe in public policy. Bismarck gave the warning: 'Former rulers of Germany have paid more regard to the capacity than to the obedience of their counselors. When obedience is the only criterion for selection, demands are made upon the universal genius of a monarch, which even Frederick the Great could not satisfy, although the mastery of policy in war and peace was a far simpler matter in his day than it is now.'

There was no sense of proportion. 'I am leading you to a glorious era.' Wilhelm II was fully convinced of this, because *he* was the leader. It might very well have chanced that we might have attained this glorious era, for the German nation is really a competent nation. The error was in expecting Wilhelm II to lead us there. He aroused great expectations by his numerous daring promises, promises inspired by a genuine enthusiasm; but for a long time even those who shared his enthusiasm have realized that these promises would never be realized. But the Kaiser did not like dry routine. He was not fond of silent, industrious labor or willing to pay regard to details — the only labor that succeeds in great attainment. He must get quick results, and since that is rarely, very rarely possible, he acquired a habit of being satisfied with the mere external appearance of success. He delivered innumerable speeches, made innumerable journeys, and issued innumerable directions — down even to instructions concerning applause — and he busied himself especially with questions of public policy. He did the latter to such an extent that finally no one knew where we really stood. The result was that all the world began to cherish an exasperating distrust of German policies, a distrust which continued to grow stronger as time passed.

The Kaiser made a journey to Turkey, to the Holy Land, delivered speeches, and inaugurated an Oriental policy that might have resulted in something. But a German Oriental policy without a previous agreement with England was a piece of folly, and accordingly we had to compromise with England.

Nevertheless, the Kaiser obeyed an impulse to congratulate the Boers when they expelled Jameson and his raiders from their territory. England was furious. This is not the occasion to discuss the remoter aspects of the affair, for it is obvious that the message of congratulation was only the result of a momentary impulse. That is obvious from what came after. Herr von Marschall followed up with the declaration that we 'were definitely opposed to efforts to destroy the independence of the Boer Republic.' But the outcome was just the contrary. During the Boer war the English were unsuccessful for a long period — that is their usual experience — so France and Russia

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made a secret proposal to Germany to join in a demand that England end the war. This would rescue the republics and humiliate England. The Kaiser refused and communicated what had happened to the English King. We also note from the *Daily Telegraph* incident that the Kaiser prepared a plan for a campaign against the Boers and sent it to his grandmother, Queen Victoria. About this time England proposed an alliance. That country naturally assumed that it could afford to make an alliance with a ruler who volunteered to work out plans of campaign for it. But the tender of an alliance was not accepted, even when England suggested that it must emerge from its existing isolation, and eventually be forced to apply to other parties. Where is there a leading idea revealed in all these events — a glimpse of consistency, or in a word, a definite policy? There is no suggestion of such a thing. Relations with England were hopelessly complicated, and consequently, we should at least have endeavored to accommodate ourselves better with other countries. Morocco! Prince Bülow declared that we had no interest, so to speak, in Morocco. Then came the trip to Tangier and the incident. The Kaiser delivered a speech making himself the advocate of the independence of Morocco, as he had been on a previous occasion of the independence of the Boers. A direct settlement with Paris did not find favor. There must be a conference, for that was a more imposing sort of event. The Algeciras incident with all its consequences followed. Nothing did so much to revive the idea of a war of revenge in France—an idea then almost dormant — as our way of handling the Morocco question.

These are only isolated examples. To cite one more, there is the relation of Wilhelm II with the Social Democrats. At the outset of his reign he said that the Social Democrats should be left for him to handle. He would soon settle them. He meant it all well enough. We ought not to forget that he had rejected the blood and iron policy which Bismarck wanted to employ against the Social Democrats. He wished to conciliate them and to inaugurate an era of Social reform. But he did not get quick enough results and the idea lost its glamour, with the consequence that he delivered several speeches much to be regretted. What a tragedy it is for a nation to be erratically pulled, first in this direction and then in that direction, and not permitted to follow any consistent line of development! It was thus in all things. We followed a zigzag course. The only exception where we were fairly consistent throughout was in our naval policy, which was the Kaiser's favorite hobby. People who know him assure us that he was really a specialist in this field, though that does not assure one against errors. He himself drew up the programmes, determined the types of vessels, was consulted in regard to their design, and followed every detail of their construction. The fleet is really in a certain sense his work. It is assuredly incorrect that he designed the fleet definitely to attack England. But there is no doubt but what he must have known that England would interpret the fleet in that sense, and that our policy of a powerful navy would bring down the hostility of England on our heads.

Nevertheless, the Kaiser intended well. It would be a serious injustice to assume the contrary. Wilhelm II had the misfortune of being placed in a position which he was not competent to fill. When he delivered speeches containing threats and other indiscretions, they were only the sentiment of the moment, improvisations which

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no one would have taken seriously if they had come from another source. But when a Kaiser talks it has effect, and it is impossible to measure the consequences for Germany of the Kaiser's speeches. If he were indiscreet in private conversation, the effect was to produce a pleasant impression of confidence and frankness in his hearers. But this frankness caused embarrassments. When he made remarks that wounded the sensitiveness of the federal princes, he did this with no ill will, but the irritation produced, remained.

Taken as a whole, there is no doubt but that the Kaiser believed that he was accomplishing much to assure a great future for the German Empire. It is a frightful tragedy that such excellent intentions should do so little good. His permanent position in the world will be that of a mischief maker. But it could hardly be otherwise, for the Kaiser never was checked by controlling authorities, which had the power to repress his indiscretion. That in one sense relieves him of a share of the responsibility.

The Kaiser is a romanticist with all the attractive qualities of that temperament. In the case of an emperor, however, these qualities are never an advantage but rather a disadvantage. The German people, which is just now taking its destinies into its own hands, needed particularly during the reign of Wilhelm II a Kaiser who was not romantic. But great sections of the people were inspired by their old traditions to regard the wearer of the crown in an exceptional light. And the Kaiser could have accomplished unusual things if he had been able to free these people from their romantic conceptions, from their confused ideas as to the sources of Governmental power. But he preferred that romantic atmosphere himself. He could not liberate the country from it; he could not free himself from it, because he and his environment were all of one color of mind, and those who stood outside of that environment had no influence upon him. To be sure, there were critics within his own entourage, and there were times when the harshest judgments passed upon the Kaiser came from the drawing-rooms of the conservatives. But these criticisms accomplished nothing, because the critics themselves had no real ideals, and especially ideals of a new era that demanded something more than a traditional authority. Above all, the Emperor was never forced to confine himself within the bounds that would have been wholesome for him. The crisis of public criticism ten years ago did not go deep enough. He paid attention for a moment and then went on in his old way. He had many accomplices, very many — the great group of his flatterers, and also the multitude of those who criticized and complained and made fun, but let things go their course, although perhaps they saw the danger.

But now the old régime is ended forever, and a new era has begun.

The Frankfürter Zeitung

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A FACTORY UNDER BOLSHEVIK MANAGEMENT

BY G. D. L. HORSBURGH

When the first Russian revolution occurred, in February, 1916, we were all upon the best of terms with the workmen at Schlusselburg. The directors and staff had in the past had the welfare of the employees very much at heart, and had spared no efforts to insure their comfort and welfare by providing lodgings, washhouses, a *crêche* for the children, and so on. Many of our workpeople had been with us for a great number of years, and not a few of them all their lives. The Bolshevik element in the works was small, and consisted of the younger and wilder men, though they had an excellent leader, earnestly imbued with the justice of his cause, who restrained all tendencies towards excess, and honestly endeavored to put the Bolshevik theories into practice. He was president of the Works Committee, formed at the first revolution, which after the second played an all-important part.

When the Bolsheviki came to power, in October, 1917, an executive was formed from this Works Committee, which took upon itself the regulation of all matters concerning the housing of the workpeople, all contracts for fuel and raw materials, and the settlement of all disputes arising among the men themselves or between the men and the administration. The administration was not interfered with in technical matters, and was generally consulted, and at any rate informed, upon all matters seriously affecting the conduct of the works. A school was immediately opened on the works premises for the children of the workpeople, and a competent teacher engaged. A recreation room and club was also started for the benefit of the workpeople, and evening classes arranged for, wherein those who could neither read nor write might learn to do so, and also get the elements of mathematics and science.

The committee had no desire to quarrel with the executive administration of the works; on the contrary, they clearly realized that without them they were lost. But for the directors they had no love at all — not from personal malice against them, but on principle.

Things went on pretty well for some months — until the régime of discipline and order inaugurated by the president, which we heartily seconded, began to strike the more rowdy element as opposed to that 'freedom' by which each man should do as he pleased without reference to anyone else. Finally the president of the Works Committee was deposed because he interfered with the sale of spirit by some sailors who had come in to a dance arranged by the young people of the works. He went to Moscow, where he soon obtained an important post in the Textile Department of the central government.

Granting his premises, this Bolshevik was excellent in every way. But it interested me very much to observe that he governed by precisely the same methods as the administration had adopted heretofore. He rigidly upheld and enforced all the works' rules and confirmed the system of fines and dismissal for infringements of them. His code of rules was indeed even more severe than the old one. He had liter-

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ally tried to carry out his ideal — namely, the transfer of the management of the works to the workmen, for the benefit of the workmen, with the assistance and coöperation of the technical staff. In doing so he had come imperceptibly to realize that there must be a head of every concern if there is to be order and discipline, and although he tried to make out that the head was the elected of the people — namely, the committee — yet in fact, because he stood head and shoulders above all his fellow men intellectually, he became the sole voice of that committee and an autocrat no whit less absolute than the ex-general manager of the works.

The second Works Committee which was then elected consisted almost entirely of Mensheviks. It was well disposed towards us, and even towards the directors. It was as well for us that it was so, for in time a decree was issued by the local Soviet that no member of a works staff who was unmarried could occupy more than two rooms. We all occupied flats of from six to twelve rooms, and as we had sent our families home in the previous September, we were to all intents and purposes bachelors. We took the bull by the horns and sent our committee an ultimatum, in which we pointed out that we were English, working under great difficulties for the benefit of the Russians, and that we had made great sacrifices in order that the works, upon which half the town depended, might continue to work. We informed them that if any steps were taken to requisition our houses we should resign *en bloc* and let them get along as best they could. The result was that the committee backed us up, and, despite the decree of the Soviet, passed a resolution that we were not to be molested in any way.

This second Works Committee failed mainly through its inability to control. Disturbances and quarreling began among the rank and file of the workmen, who said openly that they were no good. They were forced to resign, and the general feeling in the works was that no committee at all was necessary. But this could not be, as it was contrary to the express orders of the Bolshevik government, and contrary to their most cherished ideal of workmen's control. So a third committee came into power about the end of May last, and, according to the decree of the central government, instituted a Control Committee of four members.

Things worked very smoothly till the middle of August, because, true to their mandate from the workpeople, the new committee leaned almost completely on the administration. They were absolutely essential, however, because, according to a decree of the central government, no money could be withdrawn from the National Bank (all private banks were nationalized and named departments of the National Bank) on the account of private firms without the signature of the Works Committee and that of the Control Committee, as well as the signature of the manager. Twice every month a form had to be filled in, stating how much money would be required for the fortnight and for what purposes. If this was approved by the central organization in Petrograd controlling textile works, permission was given to draw a check for the amount which could be received from the National Bank.

As the state of the country became worse it became increasingly difficult to procure the necessary stocks and materials with which to run the works, and, having obtained them, it was next to impossible to get the men to handle and unload them when they did succeed in finding them. This because there was no bread to be had, and men could not be induced to undertake heavy physical work such as the un-

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loading of wood or peat on a diet of fish and vegetables.

Coupled to these difficulties, and on account of them, great agitations were started against the Bolsheviki, and the whole country, at the end of July and the beginning of August, was in a ferment against them. They themselves thought their position very critical. It was, indeed, confidently expected that the Czecho-Slovaks and the English would advance from Vologda and take Petrograd. Schlusselburg was placed under martial law and under the administration of a Special Committee of Public Safety, consisting of three men.

While this was happening in the town I was in bed ill, too bad to read the papers or to care what was happening in the country. Just at this time, and no doubt taking advantage of it, a deputation of my men, with whom I had contracted to unload peat for thirty kopecks a pood, applied to the Works Committee to raise the price to thirty-five. Next day I met the men, though feeling far from well. I resolutely refused the raise on the ground that a signed contract had no meaning if it could be broken at will by one of the signatories a few days after it was concluded. When they had gone I explained for the benefit of the committee how impossible it was to hope to carry on under such conditions as those, and that unless they were prepared to uphold contracts our works would share the fate of so many in Russia and shut down. I added, that I felt sure that another month would see the end of a system which could countenance such absurdities, and left him to think it over. The next morning I was arrested.

No charge was preferred, but after some days I secured an interview with the President of the Committee of Public Safety, a young student who used to teach me Russian, and with whom I was once on friendly terms. I learned that I had been indicted as a counter-revolutionary who had predicted the fall of the Government within a month, and who was probably conspiring with the English and French authorities in Petrograd to bring about this event. He himself was convinced that there was nothing in the charge, and had informed his colleagues of this. Together we concocted a plan whereby I was to be sent down to Petrograd under arrest but freed on arrival there if no member of the Works Committee was on the boat. The scheme worked, and I took leave of my guard on the quay at Petrograd, once more a free man. I only just effected my liberty in time, for three days after my arrival there Uratesky was murdered, Lenin wounded, the British Embassy sacked, and my prophetic words realized that 'within a month' something would happen to the Government!

I kept pretty close in Petrograd during the anxious days that followed, and although I was held up once in the streets and asked for documents, I succeeded in avoiding arrest. One amusing meeting I had, for I came face to face with the President of the Works Committee in Schlusselburg, who had been mainly instrumental in getting me arrested. He bore no ill-will, nor did I. In a typically Russian fashion he treated the incident as closed, and actually suggested that I should return to the works, as the gas plant had stopped and could not be restarted. When I told him I was bound for home, he pressed me for such information as I could give him on how to carry on, and we parted on the best of terms.

The day came when I made my escape in company with four others over the Russian-Finnish border in the darkness of the night with the assistance of the guards whose duty it was to shoot me for doing so, but who had in fact been well paid to assist.

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BOLSHEVISM DEFENDED

BY MAXIM GORKI

THE war is ended. German Imperialism is vanquished, and must suffer heavy punishment for its policy of plunder. Germany's proletariat, tortured by war, worn out by hunger, is compelled to pay dearly to the victors because it submitted to the class policy of its rulers. The victors, who only a short time ago notified the whole world that they have caused the annihilation of millions of people for the victory of right and for the happiness of all, have now forced the German people to submit to armistice conditions which are ten times harder than those of the Treaty of Brest, and which threaten Germany with inevitable famine. Every day that passes the cynicism of the inhuman policy of the Imperialists becomes steadily plainer and appears more and more clearly to threaten the people of Europe with new wars and new bloodshed. President Wilson, who yesterday was an eloquent defender of the freedom of peoples and the rights of democracy, to-day equips a powerful army 'for the restoration of order' in revolutionary Russia, where the people already realize their lawful rights, have taken the power into their own hands, and, according to their capacity, are striving to lay the foundations of a new structure of the State. I will not dispute that this work of building up has been followed by often unnecessary work of pulling down. Neither will I dispute that the work of building up is now also being followed by a process of tearing down, that cannot be altogether justified. But I, more than anybody else, have the right and duty to make this clear. The cultural, creative work of the Russian Labor Government, which is going on under the most difficult conditions and requires heroic exertions, is now about to have a scope and a form which have hitherto been unknown in the history of mankind. This is no exaggeration. A short time ago I was still an opponent of the Government and am still in many ways in disagreement with its methods of work. But I still know that the historians of the future, when they come to estimate the value of the work that has been done by the Russian workers in the course of a year, will be unable to avoid admiring the magnificence of their creative work in the realm of culture. This is no place to take single instances into account, but I will say that everyone who really has at heart this process, by which the Russian people are made participators in the spiritual actualities of the world's culture, and anybody who strives for a renewal of the world, must and ought to be glad at the swiftness and the burning zeal with which the Russian people are striving to build up a new life and to obtain a share in all that mankind has won. Yes, it is true that, side by side with this work, which is of world-embracing importance, perhaps great mistakes have been made in Russia, perhaps superfluous cruelty has been practised; but what importance have these mistakes and this cruelty compared with the frightful crimes of the cruel war, which was provoked by the English and German Imperialists. May it not be that it is this accursed war that has roused the

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animal in all European lands and in the hearts of the nations? May it not be this war that has murdered mankind's already feebly developed vision of life's values and the feeling of respect for toil?

Is it on account of revolutionary Russia's want of culture, is it on account of the Russian revolution's offenses against humanity, is it on account of the Russian workers' want of generosity to their conquered class enemies, that the Imperialists of Europe and America now attack revolutionary Russia?

No, the position is not so beautiful as this, not so idealistic as the Imperialist papers in England, France, America, and Japan describe it. The position is much plainer. The Imperialists of three continents are striving to build up and consolidate the political conditions and institutions which may assure their power over the will of the people. Thanks to the conditions under which an insignificant minority could decide on the life and death of the majority without control, this minority evoked this meaningless, sanguinary slaughter. It would seem as if all sane and honorable men throughout the world could now understand perfectly clearly the abysmal darkness, the cruelty and selfishness, the hypocrisy and the stupidity which are riveted to the foundations of the capitalistic social structure. It would seem to be time for honorable and thinking people from all classes of society to realize that capitalism has lost its creative faculty and that it is only a burdensome relic of the past and a hindrance to the development of the world's culture, that it excites enmity and hatred between individuals, families, classes, and nations, and that the beautiful dream of the brotherhood of the people cannot be a reality so long as the irreconcilable struggle between labor and capital exists. I do not deny the services of capital to the laboring part of humanity out of whose flesh and blood it has created the preliminary conditions for a transition to new and more complete and more just forms of the life of the community, that is Socialism. But now, since this accursed war has thrown the light of day on the old system's worthlessness, lack of humanity, and heartlessness, as well as placarded its meaninglessness and rottenness, the death sentence of capitalism has been pronounced. We Russians, a people who have been rightly considered to be behindhand in culture, we, a people without tradition and therefore more daring, more rebellious, and less bound to the past, we have first of all resolutely trod the path that leads forward to the annihilation of the traditions of the capitalistic State, and we are convinced that we can make a claim in our great work on the sympathy and work of the laboring class of the whole world, and likewise on the men who, even before the war, had delivered sharp and just criticisms of the social conditions under which the people existed. If this criticism was then really meant, all honorable people in Europe and America ought to recognize our right to shape our life as we find necessary. If any part of the intellectual workers are really interested in a solution of the great social question, then they ought to rise fearlessly against those who are striving to reconstruct the old order, against those who will kill the Russian revolution in floods of Russian blood, will cow Russia and then plunder her, just as before the war they plundered Turkey and China and as they now prepare to plunder Germany. This is the real wish of Imperialism. This is its sacred mission. The leader of the campaign against Russia is Woodrow Wilson. Vladimir Lenin grips firmly in his hand the torch of the Russian revo-

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lution, which throws its light over the whole world. The proletariat and the intellectual toilers must decide which is better for them: the defenders of the ancient order, representatives of the system of minority government over majority, out of date, impossible for the future, and destructive of culture, or the leader and teacher of the new social ideals and sentiments, which embody all the workers' beautiful thought of the happiness of free labor and the brotherhood of the people.

At different periods nearly every people has felt itself to be the Messiah, who is called to save the world, and that in itself is born the best and most ideal force . . . and it is now plain that on the Russian people, starving, tortured by three centuries of slavery, worn out by the war, history has now laid this great mission while under the threat of being crushed by robbers. In the midst of all this Russia says to the workers and to the right-minded people of the whole world; 'Come and go with us towards the new life, whose creation we work for without sparing ourselves and without sparing anybody or anything! Erring and suffering in the great joy of labor and in the burning hope of progress, we leave to the honest judgment of history all our deeds. Come with us to the battle against the ancient order, to work for new forms of life! Forth to life's freedom and beauty!

The Social Demokraten

THE CZECHO-SLOVAK DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

In that solemn hour which the Hohenzollerns, in the hope of putting an end to the victorious advance of the Allied armies and of preventing the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary and Turkey, have chosen for their offer of peace, the hour in which the Hapsburgs have agreed to the federalization of their Empire and to the autonomy of the dissentient nationalities subject to their government, we the National Czecho-Slovak Council, recognized by the Allies and the United States of America as the provisional government of the Czecho-Slovak nation; in complete accord with the declaration made at Prague on the 6th of January, 1918, by the Czech deputies, and with the understanding that the above offer of federalization and autonomy has no meaning under the control of the Hapsburg dynasty, we, by this act, declare our independence.

We declare it because we hold that no people should be forced to live beneath a sovereign power which it does not recognize, and because we know and are convinced that our nation cannot freely develop while remaining a part of the pseudo federation of the Hapsburgs which is only a new form of the denationalizing oppression from which we have suffered for three centuries. We believe that liberty is the first condition of a true federalization and we believe that the free nations of Central and Eastern Europe can easily enter into a federation should they judge it necessary to do so.

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We base this declaration on our historic and natural rights. Since the seventh century, we have existed as an independent State, and it was as an independent State which included Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, that, in 1526, we formed with Austria and Hungary a defensive league against the Turkish menace. In thus federating ourselves, however, we never voluntarily abandoned our rights as an independent State. The Hapsburgs having broken their bond with our nation by the illegal transgression of our rights and by the violation of our constitution which they had sworn to defend, we refuse to continue a part of Austria-Hungary under any form whatsoever. We claim the right of Bohemians to unite themselves with our Slovak brothers of that Slovakia, which, once part of our national territory was torn from the body of our State and attached to the Hungary of the Magyars who, because of their unspeakable violence and oppression of subject nationalities, have lost all moral and human right to govern others.

The world knows the history of our struggle against Hapsburg oppression, intensified and systematized by the 1867 compromise of Austro-Hungarian dualism; that dualism which is nothing less than a shameless organization of conscienceless force, a mere exploitation of a majority by a minority, a conspiracy of the Germans and Magyars against our own nation and the various Slav and Latin nations of the monarchy. The world recognizes the justice of our claims which even the Hapsburgs themselves have not dared deny. Francis Joseph himself recognized in a solemn manner on several occasions the sovereign rights of our nation. Germans and Magyars, however, opposed this recognition, and Austria-Hungary, yielding to the Pan-Germanists and becoming a colony of Germany and the vanguard of Germany's march to the East, provoked, not only the Balkan war but also the great universal conflict which was begun by the Hapsburgs without the consent of the people's representatives.

We cannot and we will not continue to live under the direct or indirect domination of the violators of Belgium, France, and Serbia, the would-be murderers of Russia and Rumania, murderers of thousands of civilians and soldiers of our blood, guilty instruments of numberless and unspeakable crimes committed against humanity in this war by two degenerate and irresponsible dynasties. We do not wish to continue part of a State whose existence nothing justifies, a State, which, refusing to accept the essential principles of modern reorganization remains a purely artificial and immoral structure, a drag on all democratic and social progress. The Hapsburg dynasty, weighed down by its immense heritage of crimes and blunders is a perpetual menace to the peace of the world, and we consider it a duty to civilization to aid in its overthrow and destruction. We reject the sacrilegious assertion that the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns are of divine origin; we refuse to recognize the divinity of the rights of any king. Our nation, by its free will, elected the Hapsburgs to the throne of Bohemia. Our nation, to-day, by the exercise of the same right deposes them from the throne. We hereby declare the Hapsburg dynasty unworthy of governing our nation, and we reject any pretension it may have of ruling the Czecho-Slovak people, and we declare that that people should be henceforth but one people, one nation, free and independent.

We accept the ideal of modern democracy, and shall adhere to it, for it

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has been for centuries the ideal of our nation. We accept the American principles, as they have been proclaimed by President Wilson, principles which proclaim a liberated humanity, the real equality of nations, and the truth that a just government requires the consent of the governed. We, the nation of Comenius, can accept nothing less than the principles expressed in the American Declaration of Independence, the principles of Lincoln, and the declarations of the rights of the man and the citizen. For these principles our nation poured forth its blood five hundred years ago during the Hussite wars, it is for these same principles that side by side with the Allies our nation pours forth its blood to-day in Russia, France, and Italy.

We shall foreshadow only the larger lines of the Czecho-Slovak constitution, the definite decision regarding the constitution being the office of representatives legally elected from a free and united people. The Czecho-Slovak State will be a republic. It will struggle to keep steadily on a progressive path, it will assure the completest liberty of conscience, science, literature, art, and the press; it will not bind the rights of reunion and petition. The church will be apart from the State. Our democracy will be founded on universal suffrage. Politically, socially, and intellectually, all men will be placed on an equal footing. The rights of the minority will be safeguarded by proportional representation. The Government will be of the parliamentary form and will recognize the initiative and the referendum. The permanent army will be replaced by a militia. The Czecho-Slovak nation will accomplish social and economic reforms of great import. Great properties will be divided up to promote colonization; titles of nobility will be abolished; our nation will accept her share of the public debt contracted by Austria before the beginning of the war. We leave the debts due to the war to those who caused it. In reference to foreign affairs, the Czecho-Slovak nation will accept its full share of the task of reorganizing Eastern Europe. This nation accepts in its entirety the social and democratic rights of nationalities, and proclaims its allegiance to the doctrine which urges the public making of treaties and the end of secret diplomacy. Our constitution will establish a just and powerful national government which will exclude all particular privilege and forbid all class legislation. Democracy has overthrown theocratic autocracy; militarism is conquered; democracy is victorious. Humanity will be rebuilt on democratic foundations. The powers of darkness brought to pass the victory of light. The goal to which Humanity has long aspired is in view.

We believe in democracy; we believe in liberty, in liberty forever!

La Revue Tchèque

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THE MANIFESTO OF FRENCH LABOR

BY ROGER PICARD

Not long ago the delegates of the workingmen's federations and unions met at the Winter Circus to unfold their ideas concerning the peace and the economic reorganization of France. We shall confine ourselves to a résumé of the economic and social ideas of the working class, for in regard to the question of peace, the policy of French unionism has been clear. They have pronounced themselves in favor of the League of Nations, of the right of national self-determination, they have spoken against reprisals and have reclaimed with a certain vagueness, perhaps, a full amnesty for all.

Well aware of the rôle played by workmen during the war, and of the task which awaits the working class in the coming epoch, the General Confederation of Labor believes that the workers should be called to share in the debates of the peace conference. 'We claim an official share in the proceedings of the conference,' they say, without specifying whether this simply translates the desire to see a workman or two at the conference or whether beside the other technical experts in finance, in military matters, and in economic law, they wish to see a technical expert in the matter of labor.

The economic programme of the General Confederation is far more complete and precise than its programme of international action. It contains clauses concerning the relations of nations, the international organization of labor, the reorganization of a country's economic life; it dwells on the rights and the sphere of action of the public power; certain sections deal with the workingman's relation to circumstances born of the war.

The French working classes resolutely set their faces against all economic war and even against all policy of protection; they see in such political action not only the danger of armed conflicts but also the peril of spoliation for themselves. In fact, this free trade policy of the Confederation has been pursued with such merciless logic that it has led to the classic dogmas of political economy; the workers are now for having production internationalized and each country instructed to specialize in that branch of production for which Nature has intended it; thus will be avoided, they declare, 'those deceiving schemes which have hindered that free exchange of goods which Nature makes necessary among men.'

Without stopping here to reopen the Protection-Free-Trade controversy and without pausing to argue as to whether Nature imposes on Humanity one system or the other, we must realize that the necessity of provisioning ourselves cheaply and quickly will plead in favor of free trade; also let us note in passing that the idea of an allied tariff wall encircling the Central Empires has been seriously shaken by this attitude.

We shall pass on to the next great formula of the workers, 'that the great highways of ocean communication should be open without restriction to ships of all countries.' We are dealing

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now with the famous principle of the freedom of the seas, a principle which I personally have never been able to understand. The freedom of the seas has never, as far as I know, been limited for vessels in time of peace; it seems to me useless, therefore, to urge it imperatively as a clause of a future treaty. As for the liberty of the seas in time of war, why should the sea be more open than the earth frontier of the belligerents? No one has yet claimed the freedom of the earth!

The workingmen's programme not only demands free trade; but it also desires to see that trade organized by the common consent of the various States; it foresees the creation of an international bureau of transportation, a kind of court for the division of raw materials, and a universal accord for the exploitation of colonial lands. The programme does not allow complete commercial liberty; it makes allowances for the conditions fostered by the war. For it would seem dangerous to abandon the measures taken by the Allies for the control of raw material; a return to absolute liberty would allow certain countries to retain all their production of raw material or to sell it at so high a price that it would work mischief to others. Moreover, the division of tonnage among the various nations should permit each nation to supply itself regularly.

By the side of these very general problems the programme of the Confederation touches another with international relations, a special problem, that of the employment of foreign workmen.

We have said elsewhere that the French workingman was no hater of the stranger; he merely wishes that his well-being, his scale of living be not lowered by the introduction of foreign labor into French industries.

To-day our workers still claim the right of every man to work freely in every country; they ask, however, that all those working in France, strangers or citizens, be paid the same wages. Moreover, to avoid an invasion of their various trades by foreign workmen whose presence would lead to a lowering of salaries, the Confederation asks that the migrations of workers be placed under the control of a committee composed of various nationalities, this committee to fix the limit to which a foreign personnel may be recruited. This same control is to be extended over races of color in the interest of whose intellectual level French workers demand the organizing of elementary schools at industrial plants.

But international problems occupy the workingman less than the profound transformations which are becoming necessary and already declaring themselves in our national economic life. To produce with intensity, to use only the most modern machinery, to exploit to the full and with system all the resources of the country, taking no heed of economic Malthusianism, to capitalize all capacities and assets, these be the great principles which should underlie our national reorganization.

Upon the nation, represented by its government, lies the duty of looking to the carrying out of these principles, but the nation must be understood to possess the right to profit by the results which the common economic effort will bring to pass. It should not permit enormous and abnormal fortunes, which are always the product of the common energy of the country.

Guardian of the general right, the nation should exercise control over all the branches of production, the nation in particular should not abandon to individuals that which is the property

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of all. Let no one, however, take these words in the sense that French labor is aiming at the nationalization of industry. Such is not the case. Let us quote directly from the programme.

'If it is not desirable,' says the programme, 'to extend the direct management of the State over all things, it is none the less essential that nothing which is necessary to personal family and national life should be delivered over to private interests, without having established over those interests a control which will oblige them to direct their efforts along the road of common interest.' This control, it appears, will be applied by agents of the State, and by delegates from the great associations of producers and consumers. This union of powers will result in the control of the industry by all those interested. We have before us a new conception of national control. The Confederation thus expresses its desire—

'Whenever a capitalist organization has in its power a raw material or a matter necessary to the production of a raw material, the monopoly of the State will be imposed as a means of stabilizing the production and directing its flow.'

But, the programme continues, the economic reorganization of the country and the exploitation of the national wealth will be profitable only if the nation will confide the working of the reorganization to the various departments, communes, and local bodies, above all, to committees administered by qualified representatives of producers and consumers.

This programme may be summed up in a few formulas, the control of private industry, the participation of the State in the direction of certain economic interests, the decentralization of power, and the giving over of economic rule to the general mass.

L'Europe Nouvelle

DAWN ON THE SOMME

Last night rain fell over the scarred plateau
And now from the dark horizon, dazzling, flies
Arrow on fire-plumed arrow to the skies
Shot from the bright arc of Apollo's bow;
And from the wild and writhen waste below,
From flashing pools and mounds lit one by one,
O is it mist or are these companies
Of morning heroes who arise, arise
With thrusting arms, with limbs and hair aglow
Toward the risen god, upon whose brow
Burns the gold laurel of all victories,
Hero and hero's god, th' invincible Sun?

Reveille *By Robert Nichols.*

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EUROPEAN COMMENT ON PRESIDENT WILSON'S VISIT

1. *From L'Echo de Paris*

It is but justice that in these days all France should acclaim President Wilson. The service he rendered us in March, 1917, when he threw the sword of America into the balance with a truly formidable energy, will have its effect on all our future history. Had it not been for that decisive act of his, France would not be what she is today, would never have had the chance to be what she is going to be.

The great merit of the President is to have understood that the war could not be fought by halves, that the nations taking part in it could not limit their individual responsibilities as if they were so many separate business houses. Once the struggle was on in full force, no compromise was possible. The league of liberty either must strike down the league of imperialism or be struck down by it. In the days that followed victory, while we were mentally reviewing the various great battles in which the American troops had held their share of the line, while we were reading the casualty list published at Washington, we were perhaps, misled by our memories of the accomplishments and sufferings of the French and British troops into underestimating the value of the coöperation which came to us from the other side of the Atlantic. A party existed in the Allied countries, which, despairing of finding a military solution of the war, was inclined to end it by some kind of diplomatic arrangement. Then President Wilson spoke forth, and the pusillanimous policy was given over. Our generals, seeing our resources in men and material being reduced day by day hesitated to gamble in a supreme counter-attack the forces which they had left; then the immense preparations of America came to light and our leaders saw that even in the case of a disaster, there was a reserve power at hand to throw against the enemy. They took the risk, therefore, of the August offensive. On the other hand, when our enemies beheld 300,000 soldiers of the New World crossing the seas every month, at a time when the East no longer yielded them soldiers and their facilities of transportation were scarcely able to carry two divisions a week from East to West, at heart they felt themselves beaten long before they even approached the field of battle. By July, 1917, following the tightening of the blockade around several little neutral States which the Allies had not quite been able to handle, our enemies understood only too well what it meant to bring the greatest neutral State in the world into the ranks of their enemies. Yet even then, though they felt the economic force of America's anger, they could not bring themselves to believe in her military power. They were to read their destiny by the light of Pershing's gleaming bayonets; the lightning was about to strike them.

Such are the benefits which we owe to President Wilson and his citizens. Now that the terms of the armistice are signed, we must work to secure peace. It is our task to create a world order bringing with it the most stable guarantees of peace and free development. In relation to this new task, President Wilson represents what one

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may call the cause of political idealism. In the past, the conflicts of peoples with peoples unrolled themselves without violence as long as a certain equilibrium of armed forces reigned between them, and as long as wisdom, prudence, and the love of justice were to be found in the hearts of the rulers. Our guest of to-day strives to create a more ambitious system, he seeks an international formula which shall forever avoid all chance of a brutal conflict even when a disproportion of forces exists between the disputing peoples, even when the love of war inspires a materially powerful government. After the carnage which we have just been witnessing, such an ambition is necessary and safe. The experience of history does not encourage the test: let us agree, however, that come what will we must try to escape from the cycle of ancient experience and that the wish to bring about new conditions is a good one. It is but natural that the idea of a less bloodthirsty universe should have arisen in one of those puritan consciences which always cherish a strong sense of the duty which the individual owes to his fellows and of the great moral forces which act among men.

We shall have to come to an agreement in regard to the method to follow, and under pretext of inaugurating a new era, we must not deprive the old order of the few guaranties of security which it possesses. It is from this point of view that, in the past, we have been obliged to criticize certain of the political acts of Mr. Wilson. It seems to us, nevertheless, that an entente between ourselves and our great American associate is an easy matter, that associate whom it rests in our power to call 'ally.' Let us make the test of the new order, but in so far as its absolute success cannot be assured and the twenty-five years indispensable to that test be not over, let us maintain, mediocre and unsatisfying though they be, the columns of the old order. In other words, let us have the two kinds of organizations, one superimposed upon the other; one which we may call the positive order, which will strive to keep the peace by military guaranties, one the idealist order whose strength will lie in its juridical conception of international problems. *Let us put off any definite substitution until the next generation. Immediately realized, it means for us deadly danger.*

It will be objected, perhaps, that there is a contradiction between the two efforts. We think not. What is, according to the ancient order, the strongest guaranty we can find for our tranquillity? It is the integral maintenance of the military, political, and economic league which has just won for us the victory. But, on the other hand, if the *Society of Nations* of all the nations ever comes to pass, will it not have its source in that league which, formed without precedent in history, already includes more than twenty States?

The road which leads to ideal peace and to positive peace is but one road. Let us not imagine byways which have no existence. It is of course not certain that in working for our actual assembly of nations, we shall be working for the *Society of Nations*, for, perhaps, after all, such a society is quite impossible in this century. But it is certain that in working against the present assembly of nations we shall be working against the *Society of Nations*. The latter institution is possible only through the former.

In this spirit, let us salute the great chief of the American Republic. And in his person, we shall salute the new union between France and the United States.

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II. *From Le Figaro*

PRESIDENT WILSON comes; they announce tidings of him in the tone that people once used in saying 'Truth is on the way.' 'In a few days he will be on this continent,' I was about to say, he will descend upon earth. For we are accustomed to see him appear in the clouds of Heaven from which he talks to humanity, and this gives a touch of dizziness to certain spirits that are otherwise stable.

We must never forget that if the words of Wilson are children of the mountain top, his action takes place upon the earth, and clasps the earth closely. His thought forms itself in the highest skies even as a kind of nebulous star; it seems to detach itself regretfully; suddenly we behold it condense and burst upon the world of mankind, striking at the precise point in which action is necessary. Finally, this disturbing meteor, distributing incontestable benefits, spreads itself over the land.

In the days preceding the President's reëlection, we were still troubled by his pacificism, by his counsels concerning the purposes of the war, and by his homilies on peace without victory, when of a sudden, in the name of those very principles, he thrust the United States into the pitiless war against the enemies of civilization. He alone seemed capable of convincing the Great Democracy that her moral and material welfare compelled her intervention. Others had, of course, even before the President, demanded that intervention, but they did not have sufficient hold on the public to turn their wish into a reality. Time alone could render that necessity visible to the eyes of a people ignorant of European affairs, and could crystallize into unity those nation-wide sentiments whose stupendous outburst brought forth from the soil a gigantic army and from the coast the necessary fleet.

In such a manner were all the aspirations, all the forces, and all the resources of the greatest civilized nation carried to their maximum of service by a chief magistrate in whom humanity had seen but a sublime dreamer. Those absolute powers, centred in his person, in whom vibrated the whole soul of his people carried away by their enthusiasm for the holy places of Civilization, translated themselves into action in a most practical spirit — with a conception of the ensemble and a sense of detail which left no doubt as to the power of so well-ordered an enthusiasm. And the world wondered to find the most skillful of statesmen in this biblical prophet whose sacred madness had sometimes so disturbed us. It was clear that he possessed a genius for the handling of men and affairs as great in scope as the genius of those 'shepherds of peoples of ancient times, when *a judge ruled over the tribes of Israel.*'

It is always a surprise for us to find in a preacher a leader in war. The last of the great statesmen of this Old Testament style, if we except President Kruger, was Oliver Cromwell. To tell the truth, we have never understood him in our Latin countries any more than we have Shakespeare, and it was only by transforming him that Bossuet made him immortal.

If there is to be found in Wilson 'the incredible depth of spirit' of that ironic puritan to whom 'it was given to deceive the peoples and prevail against the kings,' nothing ever authorized us to carry further this comparison with that 'subtle hypocrite,' denounced by Bossuet, that 'skillful politician' who was as pitiless as the chief of a Hebrew tribe. Outside of his insistence on prevailing against kings, no one could accuse President Wilson of deceiving the

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peoples in the manner that Bossuet describes; but he is past master of the art of winding them about his finger. Let us say that he excels in the art of leading the mob to take the path he has secretly prepared for it. In such a manner did the elected representative of the American people, a man passionately devoted to peace, lead down the path of his implacable logic a whole nation till it bade him declare war.

One can almost say of him what used to be said of God, that his ways are dark. For it is from Heaven itself that he seeks inspiration.

We are but little accustomed to see our politicians raise their eyes to the sky before determining on their course of action.

'What's that?' said Renan to a cabinet minister who was boring him with the recital of his endless occupation, 'You never find time, *M. le Ministre*, to say a prayer?'

Mr. Wilson is a statesman who prays; it is his heritage from his grandparents who were Presbyterian ministers. Even now his language, couched in terms of the highest culture, has kept a tang of that 'patois of Canaan' which shone in the language of Kruger and was even to be found in the bellicose harangues of Colonel Roosevelt.

We are always somewhat bewildered by this sublime jargon, but we make no delay in recognizing in the Wilsonian preaching a prelude to action, a kind of mystical preparation from which the action emerges as assured and well knit as the meditation was wide and uncertain. We have before us a Christian who mounts into the pulpit on Sundays and holydays, and vows the rest of his time to hard work and the good fight. He deliberates in the light of Heaven, slowly and solemnly, before taking sides, but when the prayer, which separates him a moment from the community of mortals, has come to an end, then all the virtues of action wake in him to form a swift and irrevocable decision.

It is, nevertheless, true that sometimes his sermons have caused us a shiver such as we feel on seeing the performances of a virtuoso aviator. Wilson holds the world's record for height, and the wheelings of this great thinker, I almost said pilot, astound us and reassure us with their most unexpected tricks of ending satisfactorily.

What a dexterity is needed by pastors of peoples for the management of their flocks! What ingenuity even in the service of the most burning faith and the most loyal sense of honor! The first 'Nabis' of the desert had a bit of the sorcerer to them, says Renan. Doubtless one must have had to preserve something of the magic of primitive times to preside over the destinies of the most modern democracy.

A great initiate, such as Moses, must of necessity, possess a secondary personality which is that of a consummate politician. When his head disappeared in the clouds of Sinai, his people regarded him as a humanitarian dreamer, and danced about the Golden Calf, which must have been a kind of protest against primitive meatless days. After descending to the plain he unfolded the most marvelous spirit of reorganization, he foresaw all the needs of a population marching through a country bare of resources, with a genius for food conservation which history did not perceive again till the coming of M. Victor Boret. He invented manna, that savory substitute for wheat, he made fountains of delicious water burst from rocks, he made the bitter water of salt lakes drinkable, and he ended by distributing, under the mark of the Bronze Serpent, a serum against poisons and infections. And all this after having got his whole army across the Red Sea dry shod!

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If we admit in this recital the working of a certain Oriental tendency towards exaggeration, can we not resolve the matter to the legendary commemoration of a matter of naval transportation, an operation carried on in the face of an enemy unable to hinder it, a deed as remarkable in its conception, execution, and success as was the transportation of American troops across a 'bridge of boats' every bit as metaphorical.

The analogy is a curious one, but we do not make it to authorize a premature identification of Moses and Wilson. Let us leave this impertinence to the gossips of the streets and salons, who are going about insinuating that the great American statesman is at hand to give laws to the universe. It goes without saying that this irreverent suggestion has not its source in us and has no credit here; it is only too patently part of that persistent but hitherto vain propaganda which seeks to sever the Allies and create conflicts of opinion.

This fact, too, explains zeal shown in certain quarters to represent the Fourteen Points like a kind of idol before which all perforce must bow the head.

Mr. Wilson's intimates and friends have certainly never presented the Fourteen Points in any such light; they have never insisted on them as articles of faith.

They are 'propositions' in the sense which this term has in philosophy, still more in the theological sense of the word—that is, propositions offered for discussion and not dogmas. It has been said, with humor, that we are dealing with the Fourteen Points and not the Ten Commandments.

III. *From the London Nation*

Every four years there springs from the vote, created by the whole people, a President over that great nation. I think the world offers no finer spectacle than this; it offers no higher dignity; and there is no greater object of ambition on the political stage on which men are permitted to move. You may point, if you will, to hereditary rulers, to crowns coming down through successive generations of the same family, to thrones based on proscription or conquest, to sceptres wielded over veteran legions and subject realms — but to my mind there is nothing more worthy of reverence and obedience, and nothing more sacred, than the authority of the freely chosen magistrate of a great and free people; and if there be on earth and among men any right divine to govern, surely it rests with a ruler so chosen and so appointed.— *John Bright, at Rochdale, December 4, 1861.*

The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them.— *President Wilson's message declaring war on Germany.*

The idea of America is to serve humanity.— *Address at the unveiling of Commodore Barry's statue.*

PRESIDENT WILSON has arrived in Europe, and in a few days will be the guest of the King and of the British nation. It is a matter of the deepest consequence that the character of his mission should be understood. If that is perverted—still more, if its purpose is thwarted and made ineffectual—the consequences will be beyond all calculation. What are the circumstances? America is the greatest nation the world has ever known, and the greatest democracy. It has been so ordered that this people should be the final determinant of the war. The chief military effort, indeed, was not America's nor the main sustaining force. That glory is ours. Nevertheless the Power which was the arm

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behind the arm of the Allies in their last thrust must be held to have furnished the moral and the material guaranty of victory. If on the ground of this inestimable service, America holds that she has saved civilization, we will not grudge her claim. But the point is that it was a service of absolute disinterestedness. The people of the United States did, indeed, feel that the progress of the war had made their neutrality impossible and had broken up their traditional policy of isolation. In the President's words, Americans had become 'citizens of the world.' But their great spokesman never for one moment allowed them to forget that they were also its knights-errant. America did not come in merely to end this war. She came in to end all war, as war is understood in the European sense and on the European scale. Her alliance has never been with principalities and powers. Her oath of fidelity was to herself. If Europe adopts America's peace conception, she is with Europe for its realization. On the other hand, if Europe, now in the hands of democracies or semi-democracies, 'reverts' to armaments, annexations, conscription, balances of power, secret treaties, punitive indemnities, and strategic frontiers, America, in the person of her great President, will wash her hands of European concerns, and shake the dust of European soil from her feet forever.

That is the issue. That is the case of President Wilson. Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay may have other views — we hope they have not. America will not be interested in them. Her President is not a Minister. He is a Sovereign. He has come to help, not to chaffer. His clients are not Courts or Ministries. They are the suffering, the menaced peoples of the Old World. Some of us think they are not in particularly good hands. Certainly they know nothing, and in this country are forbidden to know anything, of the peace which is being fashioned for them. So far as they can see, the President is the only ruler who, from the beginning of the war, has consistently laid down any moral doctrine concerning it, or has sought to construct a settlement consistent with the good, not of one nation or one set of nations, but of all. This design is in full harmony with the spirit of the political evangelism of America. She is still intent on avoiding entangling alliances for herself. But a negative aim no longer satisfies her. She now hopes to 'disentangle' Europe, to infect her peoples with her own enthusiasm for peace, justice, 'self-determination,' self-governing democracy. In this sense Mr. Wilson regards himself as a trustee, and this moral relationship, which gives him peculiar power, also carries with it a special responsibility. He is responsible to America for American ideas; he is responsible to Europe for their faithful presentation to its rulers.

What are those ideas? They are presented in the series of addresses and papers, collected under the heading, *President Wilson's Foreign Policy*.* Here is the message of the President. It is necessary to say one word as to the credentials of the messenger. 'Before everything else,' says Mr. Wilson, 'I love America.' The President might have gone further still. In her strength and her weakness, Mr. Wilson *is* modern America. As he brought her into the war, a united nation, so will he take her to the Peace Conference, or take her out of it. Nor will foreign criticism and opposition qualify his representative character, or shake his hold on the soul of American statesmanship.

Shall we, therefore, have reason to quarrel with his intervention, authori-

* Oxford University Press (American Branch), 1918.

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tative as it surely is? No. In a material sense, the President is not come to 'intervene' at all. He will not, as the 'Round Table' suggests, institute an American protectorate of Turkey. He will not constitute a Court for the hanging of the Kaiser, or detain an American army for the indefinite occupation of Germany and Austria. He will not make America the bailiff for victorious Europe,* on Mr. Lloyd George's theory that war is a litigation in which the loser pays the winner's costs. If Europe wants these things, she must do them for herself. America's part, if we rightly interpret the President's speeches, will be ameliorative, but not punitory. She maintains the European exchanges; she holds a great part of the European debt. She will continue these good offices. But the only other arrangements she will sanction will be those which, in the President's view, 'will tend to secure the future peace of the world and the future welfare and happiness of its peoples,' under democratic forms of government. She will consent to changes of territory, and only those, which give their populations a 'fair chance of life and liberty,' and are made with their consent. Seeking 'no advantage or selfish object' for herself, she will admit none for her associates in arms. Having declared herself the 'sincere friend of the German people,' and having rid them of the autocracy, as no 'fit partner in a League of Honor,' she will set no further bar to the 'early establishment' of relations of 'mutual advantage.' In other words, she is prepared to give democratic Germany her seat at the League of Nations. She will not boycott or penalize German goods, or refuse to feed German furnaces or factories, or place the German Republic under tribute to the Entente. A period of service she will, we imagine, consent to; the President is no sentimentalist, and it is in the letter and the spirit of his bond that a war aggressor should pay for war damage. But she will be no party to the illicit redistribution of power on a military basis or to the destruction of industrial Germany by indemnities. The secret treaties America has never endorsed. Her President refuses assent to any second series of private reassurances. From the moment when peace negotiations open, all must be above-board. She will require an Allied evacuation of Russian territory. She will want to give a Constitution to the colored colonists. She will not consent to divide with us the future government of the world through a joint exercise of permanent sea-power, and she will have nothing to do with conscription. And generally she will call for a peace which starts on a basis of internationalism. It will not be enough for Europe to say that some day she will try to think internationally. She will have to act internationally right away.

This we believe to be America's policy. It takes nothing out of Europe, not an inch of soil, nor a vestige or symbol of power; it will leave there only her dead soldiers, slain for liberty, her debts (which she will forgive), and her good-will. We call that a magnificent offering. Shall Britain reject it? Or France? If so, why? To drag their chains back into the Hell of war? Who will follow such leadership? Not the artisans of Europe, nor her farm laborers, nor her merchants, nor the soldiers of her war, nor the mothers and fathers that are and are to be. One thing is certain. If President Wilson's counsel is rejected, nothing can avert a universal revolution. America would sit apart from that convulsion, having striven to avert it, and her world would

* 'No indemnities must be insisted on except *those that constitute payment for manifest wrong done.*'

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become the only refuge left for men and women who put freedom before every other gift of life. But there is no need to despair of our own society. We need only accept her good offices and rebuild it.

IV. *From the Spectator*

THE heartiest greetings of the whole British race go to President Wilson and the most sincere wishes for the success of his historic mission. The fact that Mr. Wilson has left the United States during his term of office as President, and has thus created a precedent, makes his visit to Europe a unique incident. As the circumstances are exceptional, so is the act by which the President marks his sense of the occasion. Legalists and political opponents of the President in his own country may find reasons for doubting the wisdom of his self-appointed task, but with these objections we have no sort of concern. We are confident that the one feeling of British people is pleasure and gratification at Mr. Wilson's visit. They are conscious that his personal opinion will have a very great deal to do with the approaching settlement, and they are delighted that this should be so. Further, they feel that since this is so, it is very much better that Mr. Wilson should be where the discussions are taking place than thousands of miles away at the end of a cable or in the neighborhood of a wireless installation. It was not to be supposed that Mr. Wilson would descend from the high symbolic position which he occupies as the Chief Magistrate of the United States to enter regularly into the arena of Peace discussions, and give and take the hard exchanges of round-table bargaining. But he will be in the very near foreground; both at Paris and Versailles he will be the inspirer and sanctioner of everything that is done in the name of the United States.

In all speculation as to the line that Mr. Wilson will take a great deal is being said here about the very important question of the 'freedom of the seas.' It will be remembered that in the President's famous Fourteen Points this expression has the honor of the second place. It is not to be wondered at that the whole problem of sea policy should figure so prominently in the minds of Englishmen, because we are all profoundly conscious that without the British navy, Germany would have won the war. The British navy was not only 'the sure shield,' as the King called it, of the Alliance, but the cement which held the whole Alliance together. Some Englishmen — let us face the facts squarely — have a misgiving that the point of view of the United States about sea-power is irreconcilable with their own; and they are afraid that President Wilson, with all his majestic power of words, his intellectual penetration, and his force of ratiocination, may urge what is regarded as the traditional American doctrine of sea policy against the traditional British doctrine. Naturally there is some cause on the surface for such anxiety, because the opposition to our age-long British policy has habitually taken the form of asserting the rights of neutrals. Now the United States, as a power standing normally in grand isolation from the quarrels of the Old World, has very naturally become accustomed to act as the representative of Neutral Powers. Here then, it may be said — and by some persons is actually being said — is an inevitable clash between the protagonists of traditional rival policies.

Before we go any further, however, let us say with all the emphasis possible that in our opinion there is not only no cause of serious difference between our-

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selves and the United States, but no possibility of misunderstanding, if only we keep clearly before us the imperative need of deep and lasting friendship between the two nations. That friendship, to our way of thinking, is the pivot upon which the whole future of the world will turn. If the Americans and ourselves remain not merely in amity, but in the most intimate and constant coöperation in living up to an ideal standard in our relations with other nations, and (so far as it may fall to us) in our management of the affairs of the world, the dangerous aspects of international dealings which have been so familiar in the past can never appear seriously again. The principles of America and the British Empire are identical; they bear the impress of the Anglo-Saxon code. It is an amazing achievement on the part of America to have coaxed and developed the Anglo-Saxon, and in the best sense the Puritan, *ethos* of the early Colonists through many stages and vicissitudes, and finally to have imposed it upon a nation of a hundred millions of people who are only too glad to be absorbed by it and to profess allegiance to it. The task before the British and American nations is fortunately very simple as things are, for we have only to be true to ourselves in order to be true to each other. If this great nucleus of a League of Nations remains in operative being, as we confidently believe it will, no power of evil can prevail against it. Every other good thing that we desire in discussions about Leagues of Nations and so forth will follow as a matter of course. For our part, we are as certain as one can humanly be certain of anything that Mr. Wilson has this vision continually before him. He may want more and greater things, but he does not and cannot want less. Is it not then ridiculous to fancy that Mr. Wilson has it in mind to do something rash and unconsidered which would be sure to antagonize the vast majority of the most serious thinking and most practical minded Englishmen? To fancy such a thing is a gross injustice to Mr. Wilson, who throughout the war, and during the negotiations which preceded the entry of his country into the war, proved himself above all things a wise and prudent man, one who had a deep-rooted sense of responsibility in dealing with large questions and in considering the earnest convictions of his fellow men. It may be rash to prophesy in most circumstances, but on this occasion there is no rashness at all; Mr. Wilson will, of course, behave as the very reasonable and careful man he is. The last thing he will do will be to fly in a tantrum of idealism into extreme courses of which the immediate attractiveness veils the ultimate danger.

The phrase 'the freedom of the seas' has been used in so many contrary senses and with so much looseness that quite able men sometimes exclaim that they do not know what it means. Let us say, therefore, in a very few words what British naval policy has been and what it has meant to us. We have not space, of course, to go into details, and our words must be in every sense a summary. Great Britain has aimed at sea power for the simple reason that it was her only means of defending herself. Her sea power does not mean, and has not meant, any challenge to any other nation. All nations are free to trade wherever they please. In times of peace there has always been absolute freedom of the seas. There are no ports in the United Kingdom or in any part of the British Empire where foreign ships are not free to enter and to load or to unload cargoes. A foreign ship may go into the Mersey empty, load a cargo, and convey it to Southampton or to any other British

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port. No country in the world has upheld the freedom of the seas more thoroughly than the British Empire has upheld it. The United States has her own shipping laws, and, as most of our readers probably know, it is not possible for foreign ships to engage in American coastal trade. Great Britain, while defending herself, however, has incidentally performed the service to the whole world of policing the seas and keeping them free from pirates and other pests. So far there can be no question about the freedom. It is when we come to the conditions of war that the rights of Neutrals are asserted vociferously. In the act of waging war for the purpose of defending herself Great Britain has had to capture the private property of Neutrals at sea, and to establish blockades which prevented the delivery of Neutral goods on enemy shores. Over and over again codes have been drawn up in attempts to distinguish between cargoes which would be useful to the enemy for military purposes and those which would not be useful. Hence the complicated doctrines of 'Contraband of War.' But we have finally reached a situation in which it is necessary to recognize that virtually everything is contraband of war in the sense that everything, however innocent it might have been held to be in former days, does in some degree or other enable the enemy to carry on war. The truth is that in the days before the present great war no one had any conception of what war would mean when it became a huge national effort in which every kind of resource, every kind of aptitude, every kind of article, whether food or clothes, or metal or paper, would be used towards the efficacy of military operations. *To weaken the power of our navy in cutting off the supplies of an enemy is a short and sure way of enabling our enemy to win.*

We do not know precisely what Lincoln would have done if he had been British Prime Minister in this war, but we feel pretty sure. His own declaration of blockade against the Confederates in the American Civil War was of an astoundingly sweeping nature. Moreover, he had not really the power to do what he threatened; and yet it was provided in international understandings that a blockade could not be declared without the proper means to maintain it. We may guess therefore that if Lincoln had managed our affairs for us in this war, he would have dealt with the rights of Neutrals in a far more drastic fashion than either Mr. Asquith or Mr. Lloyd George did. As for the general American standpoint, it is different from Lincoln's but is sufficiently well known. At The Hague Conference in 1907 the United States proposed that 'the private property of citizens of the signatory Powers except contraband of war shall be exempt at sea from capture or seizure by the armed ships or military forces of the said Powers.' Of course Mr. Wilson has expanded that doctrine, and has spoken of 'the absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas outside territorial waters alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants.' What Germany has meant by 'freedom of the seas,' and by her argument that the immunity of private property at sea should be recognized in time of war, may be very tersely described. She meant that the British navy should be deprived of the power to wage war. That would have been very convenient for Germany. She never mentioned what in all logic is the parallel case of the freedom of the land. With her gigantic military machine she was to be free to do what she liked—to use

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that terrible weapon in the most oppressive possible ways — and no objection was to be raised. The explanation is that Germany had, at all events when she began the war, a supreme army but she had not a supreme navy. She wanted freedom for her own particular means of fighting and a denial of freedom for the British means.

Suppose that the best that men are dreaming of happens in the settlement; suppose that it is possible to erect a perfect League of Nations with everything in working order — it would still be necessary to have a supreme naval force to control the seas and to defeat any such uprising of evil as Germany planned. The League of Nations must be master in its own house. It cannot be contemplated that the navy of the League of Nations should be robbed of its power to enforce its will. Yet that is what the freedom of the seas would mean if it were interpreted in any but the British sense. We cannot have our minds too clear on this point. Everything depends upon it. In the degree that Mr. Wilson believes in the League of Nations, in the same degree must he believe in its having the means to exercise its authority. All we say is that the British Empire should not be asked to cease making the seas safe till the task can be confidently committed to somebody else.

And now as to the form in which this matter will be discussed. We earnestly hope that the Government will be extremely careful about the arrangements of the peace programme. We hold very strongly that the first thing is for the Allies to settle among themselves the terms of peace which will be imposed upon the Germans — not negotiated with the Germans. Discussion with the Germans will be necessary on a great many details, but those details will have reference solely to the manner in which the terms imposed by us will be carried out. In this respect we are bound to listen to the Germans, if only for our own convenience. When all that is finished, the great Peace Conference will take place, and to this, as we hope, Neutrals, but not Germans, will be invited. The Allies and the Neutrals will work out the details of the new Grand Alliance of the World; in other words, the League of Nations. The League of Nations would of course have power to draw up the conditions under which Germany, either in part or in whole, would be admitted to membership. Naturally Germany would never be admitted till she had paid her whole indemnity; that is to say, till she could come to the league with perfectly clean hands. On the other hand, parts of Austria and new nations like Poland could be admitted at once. Now we come again to the freedom of the seas. It seems to us that there must be a perfectly clear understanding throughout that this question is to be dealt with by the league, and that it cannot be dealt with at all until the league has been created. Until the league comes into existence the freedom of the seas will necessarily be an academic question; it will be an academic question, that is to say, for the purposes of discussion, though it is an intense reality for the British Empire. To be precise, the British Empire cannot dream of giving up its powers of self-defense until the weapon to be taken from its hands can be placed in other hands which are very strong and very safe. This is the common sense of the whole matter, and it provides an unanswerable reason why the freedom of the seas should not be a subject of discussion in the peace terms. To mix it up with the peace discussions would be a cardinal mistake.

We must now venture to say something about a matter very dear to

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Americans which we think ought to be brought prominently forward in the settlement. We have written throughout of sea power as the primary concern of the British Empire, though we are well aware that, properly understood, its maintenance is of equal interest to Americans. Similarly, though the matter we are going to refer to is in form primarily an American interest, it is, properly understood, of no less interest for ourselves, and indeed for the whole world. We mean the Monroe Doctrine. This Doctrine has been of incalculable value in the past because it has simplified international relations. By means of it virtually the whole of the Western World has been ruled out of dispute. By means of the Doctrine and its extensions the United States has said: 'Hands off! Nothing may be touched here.' We sincerely hope that this salutary Doctrine will be accepted as part of the public law of the world. It ought to be duly formulated and confirmed with the sanction of all the parties to the settlement. Another matter which in our opinion ought to be dealt with in the settlement is slavery. May we appeal for Mr. Wilson's help? Why should it not be clearly understood and laid down for all ages to come that no civilized nation — no nation which professes enlightenment by the very act of being a member of the League of Nations — should permit slavery within its own borders or within any territory which it rules? By slavery we mean not only slavery in the full sense, but all those aliases of slavery which are often casuistically defended as not really being slavery at all. The probability of slavery in some form or other being continued or introduced is much greater in small States than in large States. It is the weak nations deriving a revenue from their Colonies which are under the temptation to depend upon what they consider the cheapest form of labor.

To sum up, there is nothing to fear, but everything to hope for, from Mr Wilson's visit. The Germans will never succeed in making bad blood between Great Britain and the United States, though no doubt they are trying to do so. Our friendship is a fact, and so it shall continue. 'How much the greatest thing it is that ever happened!'— to borrow the words of Fox about the taking of the Bastille. Failing to make trouble between Great Britain and America, the Germans will doubtless try to make trouble in the United States. They will try to set Republicans and Democrats at one another's throats — very likely about the freedom of the seas. But American politics is a subject which, as we have already said, it would be improper for us to deal with. If the Americans are aware of the danger, they will certainly be able to guard against it.

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THE VICTORY OF JUSTICE

BY L. P. JACKS

MORALLY considered, the British people are at this moment in a dangerous position. I do not mean that we are showing signs of moral decay — far from it. The danger lies in the circumstances in which we are placed. These circumstances are such as to confront us, at one and the same moment, with an easy and attractive wrong, and a difficult and rather repellent right. If we follow the line of least resistance we shall do the wrong thing. In order to do the right thing we shall have to be hard upon ourselves. The position I suppose is not unfamiliar to most of us as a matter of personal experience, and we know well how dangerous it is. At the present moment it confronts the nation as a whole. We are in presence of a strong temptation, yielding to which will inevitably put us in the wrong. If we are to do right we shall have to take courses which are outwardly and superficially not very attractive; indeed, quite the reverse. It is on occasions like this that the stuff of a nation's soul is put to the test.

This, it will be said, is no new thing. All through the war we have had it dinned into us, in season and out of season, that the national soul was being put to the test. And have we not stood the ordeal well? Have we not emerged triumphantly? What better proof could you have that the heart of this people is sound than that afforded by its conduct during the last four years? And is not the time now come when we can afford ourselves a moral holiday? Is the testing process to go on forever?

As a person who is not by nature a rigorist I should like to think that the long strain was at an end. I should be glad, very glad, of a moral holiday myself; but as a citizen of the British Empire I don't see my way to getting one just yet. The testing process through which we have passed during these years seems to me to have been leading up to a climax which is just beginning. We have not done with this experience, and shall not have done with it for some time to come. We are indeed approaching the critical moment, the chief danger point in the long trial; and one can only hope that what we have already endured in this way has seasoned and hardened us for the last great struggle. It will be mainly a struggle with ourselves, that is with a more formidable opponent than the external foe ever is or can be.

The war has left us possessed of a giant's power, and the question is whether we are going to hold and use this power for ourselves or whether we are going to hold and use it as a trust for humanity. We can do either but we cannot do both. If we choose to do the first, I know of no opposing power in existence at the moment, or likely to arise through any combination of States, that can effectively say us nay. Sea power is key power, and at the moment it is in our hands. Our navy has grown into what, taking it all in all, is probably the greatest force the world has ever seen. We have immense armies of brave and well-

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disciplined soldiers. The whole of the able-bodied male population is trained to the use of arms. We are replete with every kind of armament. We have built up a great military organization. We have acquired military experience and military skill to a degree unparalleled in our history. Our martial aptitudes were never in a higher state of efficiency. And above all we are victors; the instinct of conquest which is in the blood of our race has been refreshed by a great draught of victory. If we are so minded we can use all this to our own advantage. We can secure for ourselves the most favorable position in the trade of the world. In spite of the losses of the war we can make the British Empire richer than ever, and we can do so at the expense of others. We have the pick of the world's opportunities. Of course we should provoke opposition if we took them, but our power is such that we could make the opposer beware of us and nip his opposition in the bud. In short, we can, if we choose, play the part which Germany intended to play if she were to win the war. Need it be said that our salvation depends on our not playing it? But who will deny that the temptation is great?

I have never attached much importance to the saying that has been so much bandied about —'this war is to end war.' The truth is that every war that is waged makes war more difficult to abolish. It does so in many ways: by leaving grievances on the side of the vanquished; by prompting insolence and selfishness on the side of the victors; by creating vast armaments; by teaching the people the use of arms; by filling the atmosphere with martial influence and martial knowledge; by making war more familiar to the public mind. The horrors of war have always been known, but have never been an effectual deterrent, any more than the fear of hell-fire, even where hell is seriously believed in, has prevented men from evil-doing; and the increase in the horrors, due to modern conditions of warfare, makes very little difference. The memory of horrors is evanescent and even when it is fresh makes less appeal to the imagination than is commonly supposed. The memory of warlike achievement is lasting, and acts as an incentive long after the horrors are forgotten. War, in fact, is a *habit* of States, and every fresh war renders the habit more difficult to shake off. It is with war as with all other habits — its tendency is to repeat itself, not to end itself. 'I will have one more throw,' says the gambler, 'and then I will never touch the accursed dice again. This last gamble shall end my gambling forever.' And yet we know very well that this 'last gamble' is precisely what makes it certain that his gambling will be resumed next day. So each war that is waged serves to strengthen the general body of the war-making forces and to deepen the grooves in which they run. A mere resolution 'not to do it again' is a feeble thing in comparison, and the fact that most of us are conscious of having made such a resolution should not blind us to the danger that lurks behind. Our habits may prove more powerful than our resolutions; and our habit just now is the habit of conquerors, which is not easily cast off. It would not be very difficult to go to war again. Psychologically it would be quite easy, and psychological causes have more to do with these things than political or even economic causes. We all remember how difficult it was in 1914, when the war habit had grown weak through disuse, to accommodate our minds to the fact that the nation was at war. How strange it seemed! Now the difficulty is to realize that we are at peace; and if

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to-morrow the news came that we were in for another great campaign there would be none of that plunge into an unfamiliar world which most people found so difficult four years ago. Such things should not be lost sight of when we are considering the dangers of the time. The nations are talking of peace; but they are familiar with war. And familiar ideas are easily put into execution.

For these reasons I do not hesitate to predict that trouble would arise if Great Britain were to go to the Peace Conference possessed by the notion that she is going to make a good thing for herself out of a pacified world. There would be trouble among our own people to begin with. I see the announcement made by an eminent economist that Great Britain can now begin to treble her wealth production and income. Perhaps she can; but I doubt if our returning soldiers will be content to regard this as the cause for which they risked their lives; and I doubt if the mothers and fathers of the slain will like it any better. Even in one's self, after four years of ingloriously watching the sacrifice of others, one feels a little shudder at the prominence given to this kind of thing. It really looks at times as though, having the giant's strength, we meant to use it as a giant. Is that worthy of the glorious dead — of whom Mr. Kipling has chosen to say 'their names will live forevermore'? Is it not something of an anti-climax? These men did not lay down their lives for British trade. They died for Justice, and we owe it to them to see that Justice is established on the earth. It is not established yet. All that is accomplished so far is the overthrow of injustice; a great step towards the goal but not the goal itself. The work of our dead is not finished; it is just begun. It is handed on for us to continue, which we shall *not* be doing by trebling the wealth production and income of the British Empire. If that is to be our dominant idea we may look out for the next war. It is not far off.

The victory we are now contemplating is a victory *by* Justice, *for* Justice and *of* Justice. If I had to make my choice I would lay the chief emphasis on the first preposition — *by* Justice. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that the secret of this victory lies with the 'power not ourselves that makes for righteousness,' and that we shall be well advised not to sound our own praises too highly. 'Not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thee.' It has been a most startling experience, a thing not to be understood offhand, but to be meditated long and silently. The more one thinks of it, the more the feeling grows that Marshal Foch and the Prime Minister are not the last names to be named in this business. As a humble psychologist I could wish that the General Election had happened at some other time — not at the time when quiet men want to meditate on the mighty works of the Lord, and on the desolations He hath wrought in the earth. The thing that has happened means so much that it runs a serious risk of meaning nothing — like the national debt. One needs a 'tranquil space' to take it in; and I for one harbor a little grudge against those who have plunged me into this new turmoil at the very moment when my soul was craving for quiet. The aspect of our victory which is most worth thinking about is not being thought about. Something else, a far lesser thing is being thrust into the foreground, and the thoughts which it prompts seem to let one down from the height of this great moment. Perhaps we shall do better later on.

Among the writers, the orators, and the poets of the time I listen in vain for

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the voice that reminds us of what, to me, is the central truth of the whole matter — the victory *by* Justice, the victory for which Justice itself must receive the praise. But looking through my Milton, who has been my chief war prophet throughout, I found the other day a passage which said what I wanted to hear. Probably the reader knows it, but it will do him no harm to see it once more in print.

Oh, how comely it is, and how reviving
To the spirits of just men long oppress'd!
When God into the hands of their deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the earth, the oppressor,
The brute and boisterous force of violent men,
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannick power, but raging to pursue
The righteous and all such as honor truth;
He all their ammunition
And feats of war defeats,
With plain heroick magnitude of mind
And celestial vigor arm'd;
Their armories and magazines contemns,
Renders them useless; while
With wingèd expedition,
Swift as the lightning glance, he executes
His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd,
Lose their defense, distracted and amaz'd.

Land and Water

After pondering this splendid passage I would suggest to the reader that by way of contrast he spend an evening with the books we were all talking about in the early days of the war, especially the German books on 'World dominion' and such like nonsense; or that other book of Professor Cramb's which underlined the German logic and gave some of us sleepless nights. How formidable it seemed at the time! Well, as I look back to those days what stands out most vividly in my memory is a certain 'plain heroick magnitude of mind' that shone forth in our leaders at the critical hour. From that day to this it has never deserted us. It has been the strength of our armies in the field and of our people at home. 'Plain heroick magnitude of mind,' which is another name for Justice, has won the war.

Such is the victory; and now we have to live up to it. To do so will tax to the uttermost the resources of the nation's intellect and of the nation's will. But all this will be vain unless it be built upon the rock. And the rock is 'plain heroick magnitude of mind.'

WIDOWED

At last the dawn creeps in with golden fingers
Seeking my eyes, to bid them open wide
Upon a world at peace, where Sweetness lingers,
Where Terror is at rest and Hate has died.

Loud soon shall sound a pæan of thanksgiving
From happy women, welcoming their men,
Life born anew of joy to see them living.
Mother of Pity, what shall I do then?

Punch

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GOOD OLD TIMES AT THE WAR OFFICE

BY SIR C. E. CALLWELL, K.C.B.

SOME day, no doubt, an illuminating record of what the War Office achieved in transforming this country into a great military power under the inspired, if unorthodox, leadership of Lord Kitchener, will make its appearance. The time has not arrived for divulging many matters in connection with its methods and its procedure. But a few tales of the lighter kind, and some experiences undergone in early days by an official who spent four years within its precincts and under its shadow, may perhaps be told even now without impropriety.

Called up — most unexpectedly — to preside over a very large and not unimportant military department in Whitehall when the mobilization summonses were issued, I found myself confronted at the very outset by an unexpected difficulty. Working on rollers on the walls of my spacious office there were huge maps of the prospective scenes of operations, and in particular there was one of vast dimensions portraying what even then was called the Western front. The Headquarters Staff of the Expeditionary Force thought fit to spend their time in my apartment, clambering on and off a table facing this map, discussing strategical problems in penetrating whispers, and occasionally expressing an earnest hope that they were not a nuisance. They were an intolerable nuisance, but one had to lie. What else could one do? Moreover, as hour to hour passed, and His Majesty's Government could not make up its mind to give the word 'Go' to the Expeditionary Force, the language of its Headquarters Staff became — well, the less that is said about that language the better. It was not easy to concentrate one's attention upon questions arising in the performance of novel duties in a time of emergency under such distracting conditions, and it was a genuine relief when the party took itself off to France.

My responsibilities turned out to be of a most varied nature, covering pretty well the whole field of endeavor, from drafting documents bearing upon operations-subjects for the information of the very elect, down to returning to him by King's Messenger the teeth which a well-known staff officer had inadvertently left behind him at his club when returning to the front from short leave. The Intelligence Department was under my control, and this caused me to be much sought after in the early days — to be almost snowed under indeed with applications and recommendations for the post of 'Intelligence Officer.' Qualifications for this particular class of employment turned out to be of a most varied kind. One gentleman, who was declared to be a veritable jewel, was described as a pianist, fitted out with 'technique almost equal to a professional.' The leading characteristic of another candidate appeared to be his liability to fits. Algy, 'a dear boy and *so* good looking,' had spent a couple of months in Paris after leaving Eton a year or two back. This sounds terribly like petticoat influence; but resisting petticoat influence is, I can

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assure you, child's play compared to resisting Parliamentary influence. For good, straightforward, unblushing, shan't-take-no-for-an-answer jobbery, give me the M.P. They are magnificent in their hardihood.

During the earlier months of the great conflict, duties were not carried out at the War Office exactly on the lines contemplated by the Esher Committee as mellowed by later experience, and it was somewhat disconcerting for the Director of Military Operations to learn quite by accident one day that a force was to be dispatched to the Western theatre of war, which was not to be under Sir J. French's orders —at least for the time being. What turned out to be a somewhat tragic episode was not without some little comic relief. There was consternation in Whitehall one evening just before the dinner hour, when tidings arrived that a couple of the transports conveying this force to its destination had passed the rendezvous where the convoy was mustering, and were at large, heading without escort or orders for a water area known to be mined by both sides, and where enemy destroyers and similar pests were apt unexpectedly to make their appearance. Fortunately the panic was of short duration, because on returning to the office after dinner one learned that the straying vessels had both fetched up on the Goodwins — luckily about low water — and were under control again.

It was about that juncture that an eminent British statesman appeared like a bolt from the blue in a historic Continental city that was imperiled by the approach of the devastating Hun. There was encouragement in his gestures, victory in his pose, fire in his eye. 'Que veut donc dire cette uniforme qu'il porte, monsieur le ministre?' inquired an inexpressibly interested citizen of a British staff officer, who enjoyed the good fortune to be present on this great occasion. 'C'est vous savez,' rejoined the staff officer, puffed up with patriotic pride at the spectacle and knowing the language, 'le frère ainé de la Trinité.' 'Mais quelle position extraordinaire,' murmured the citizen, more impressed than ever.

I was occasionally called upon to attend meetings of the War Council after the first two or three months, and fairly often when the Cabinet grew in numbers up to twenty-three, and when the War Council expanded, more or less *pari passu*, into the 'Dardanelles Committee.' Pretty well the whole lot of them belonged to that. The impression carried away from meetings of this body was one of a great number of exceedingly intelligent civilians, who discussed at inordinate length matters that they did not understand, and who arrived at the wrong, or else at no, conclusion. There was a shocking scene occasionally when Mr. Lloyd George was attacked by one of those paroxysms of strategical percipience to which the Right Honorable Gentleman was a martyr, and which are understood not to have yielded to treatment even to this day. Mr. Churchill also was as busy as a bee about that time, evolving a series of most masterly memoranda, each advocating an entirely new war policy, or urging the claims to attention of some theatre of suggested operations to which nobody previously had turned his mind. These effusions were invariably couched in terse, vigorous, convincing language, that studiously avoided reference to resources, and means, and time, and distance, and climate, and communications, and tonnage, and landing-places, and those other multifarious factors which the sailor and the soldier — who in due course will have to stage the command

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performance — regard as of such cardinal importance, after their hidebound unimaginative fashion. Printed on the gray-green paper affected by the Foreign Office when it sends secret documents to press, the distribution of these documents to certain fortunate persons was of almost daily occurrence. It was, as Mr. Asquith plaintively observed, 'like a hen laying eggs.'

An excellent innovation at the War Office synchronizing with mobilization was the introduction of a large number of boy scouts within its portals. They proved most reliable and useful, and did the utmost credit to the fine institution for which we have to thank Sir Robert Baden-Powell. A day or two after joining I wanted to make the acquaintance of a colonel, who I found was under me in charge of a branch — a new hand like myself, but whose apartment nobody in the place could indicate. A War Office messenger dispatched to find him came back empty-handed. Another War Office messenger sent on the same errand on the morrow proved no more successful. On the third day I summoned a boy scout into my presence — a very small one — and commanded him to find that colonel and not to come back without him. In about ten minutes' time the door of my room was flung open, and in walked the scout, followed by one of the biggest sort of colonels. 'I did not know what I had done or where I was being taken,' remarked the colonel, 'but the boy made it quite clear that he was n't going to have any nonsense; so I thought best to come quietly.'

The plan that the lads adopted for making things uncomfortable for troublesome people paid eloquent testimony to that fertility of resource which it is one of the objects of the scout movement to develop in its members. One of the greatest worries to which War Office officials have been exposed during these anxious times has been a bent on the part of individuals, whom they have not the slightest wish to see, for demanding — and obtaining — interviews. The scouts tumbled to this (if one may use so vulgar an expression) almost from the first day, and they acted with rare judgment and determination. They chose *Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate* for their motto, and adopted the method of herding the intruders into an unattractive apartment on the ground floor, as tube attendants herd subterranean travelers into the lifts, and of keeping the intruders there until they verged on a condition of mutiny. They then enlarged them in big parties, each of which was taken charge of by a scout, who led his charges round and round and in and out along the corridors, and up and down between floors, carefully avoiding the elevators, until the victims were in a state of physical and mental collapse. If one of the party quitted the ranks while on the trek, to read the name marked up on some door that he was passing, the scout called a halt and withered the culprit with a scowl — it would never have done to permit that sort of thing, because the visitor might conceivably have noticed the name of the very official whom he had come to see. Anybody who came again after undergoing this experience once, probably had just cause for demanding an interview; but one bout of it satisfied most people. It may be suggested that the scouts were acting under instructions from Sir Reginald Brade, Secretary and Grand Master of the Ceremonies, in this matter; but, if asked, he will own up and admit that in the pressure of his duties he overlooked the point, and that the entire credit belongs to the boys.

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Still, perambulation of those furlongs of corridor in the big building in Whitehall might have offered points of interest to a visitor not too exhausted to take notice. By one window was usually to be seen a posse of parsons, of furtive aspect, each nervously twiddling a lissom hat, a love-your-neighbor-as-yourself look frozen on their countenances, and not quite conveying for the time being an impression of the church militant: they were candidates for the post of army chaplain, about to be inspected by the genial prelate who presides over the department responsible for the spiritual welfare of the troops. A day or two later might be seen in the same place some of these very candidates, decked out in khaki raiment, hung about with contrivances into which combatant comrades introduce implements for slaying their fellow men, erect, martial, terrifying, the very embodiment of the church triumphant, having been accepted for the job and awaiting orders — and no men have done finer service in the Great Adventure. At another point one encountered a very well-known cricketer, who was doling out commissions. How he did it one had no time to ask; but one suspected that, if one of the young gentlemen whom he took in hand had been in a school eleven or even house eleven (or said he had), crooked ways somehow became straight. Just outside my own door an attractive looking civilian had devised a sort of wigwam within which he took cover — one of those arrangements with screens which second lieutenants prepare when there is a regimental dance, and which they designate, until called to order, as 'hugging booths.' There he was to be seen at any hour of the day in close communion with a charming lady, heads close together, murmuring confidences, an idyll in a vestibule — or rather a succession of idylls, because there was a succession of ladies, all of them different except in that all of them were charming. After two or three months he disappeared, and only then did it occur to me to ask what these intimate transactions were on which he had been engaged. It transpired that he was acting vicariously on my behalf, that he was selecting a staff for censorship duties, or some such dull occupation, in my place. If good looks were a qualification for such employment, that civilian must have been troubled with an *embarras de richesses*.

Among the many privileges and responsibilities which my position in the early months of the war thrust upon me was that of finding myself in more or less official relations with the Eminent K.C. and with the Self-Appointed Spy Catcher. One may have had the good fortune in pre-war times to meet the former, when disguised as a mere human being — on the links, say, or at the dinner table. The latter one came into contact with for the first time. At a later stage of the proceedings I saw something of another interesting type — the 'Man of Business' when pitchforked into a Department of State.

The average soldier seldom finds himself associated with the Eminent K.C. on parade, so to speak, in the piping times of peace. When performing, and on the war path as you might say, this successful limb of the law is a portentous personage. Persuasive, masterful, clean-shaven, he fixes you with his eye as the boa-constrictor fascinates the rabbit. Pontifically, compassionately, almost affectionately indeed, he makes it plain to you what an ass you in reality are, and he looks so wise the while that you are hardly able to bear it. He handles his arguments with such petrifying precision, he marshals

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his facts so mercilessly, he becomes so elusive when you approach the real point, and he grows so bewildering if he detects the slightest symptoms of your having discovered what he is driving at, that he will transform an elementary military question, which you in your folly have presumed to think that you understood, into a problem which a very Moltke would ignominiously fail to elucidate. Contact with the Eminent K.C. under such conditions makes you realize to the full what an inestimable boon lawyers confer upon their fellow citizens when they sink all personal ambition and flock into the House of Commons for their country's good. The Eminent K.C. is, by the way, reputed to be a somewhat expensive luxury when you avail yourself of his services in your civil capacity, but he must be well worth it. A man who can be so mystifying when he proposes to be lucid must prove a priceless asset to his client when he undertakes the task of bamboozling a dozen unhappy countrymen penned in a box. It is hard to picture to yourself this impressive figure giggling sycophantically at the pleasantries of a humorous judge. But he must have conformed to convention in this matter in the past, for how otherwise could he now be an Eminent K.C.?

During many months of acute national emergency, while the war was settling into its groove, there was no more zealous, no more persevering and no more ineffectual subject of the King than the self-appointed spy catcher. You never know what ferocity means until you have been approached by a titled lady who has persuaded herself that she is on the track of a German spy. We Britons are given to boasting of our grit in adversity, and of our inability to realize when we are beaten. In no class of the community were these national traits more conspicuous in the early days of the war than in the ranks of the amateur spy-catching fraternity and sisterhood — for the amateur spy catcher never caught a spy. Only after months of disappointment and failure did these self-appointed protectors of their country begin to abandon a task which they had taken up with enthusiastic fervor, and which they had prosecuted with unfaltering resolution. Although it was at the hands of the despised professional that enemy agents were again and again brought to face the firing party in the Tower ditch, the amateurs entertained, and perhaps still entertain, a profound contempt for the official method. One fair member of the body, indeed, so far forgot herself as to write in a fit of exasperation to say that we must — the whole boiling of us — be in league with the enemy, and that we ought to be 'intered.' They were in their element when, after the fall of Maubeuge, it transpired that the Germans had gun-platforms in certain factories, situated within range of the forts, that they had established ready prepared for action should they be required. Anybody with an asphalt lawn-tennis court then became suspect. A very bad case was reported from the Chilterns, just the very sort of locality where Boches contemplating invasion of the United Kingdom would naturally propose to set up guns of big calibre. A building with a concrete base — many buildings do have concrete bases nowadays — near Hampstead was the cause of much excitement. When the unemotional official, sent to inspect the place, suggested that the extremely solid structure overhead would be rather in the way if one proposed to emplace a gun or guns on the concrete base, it was urged that there was a flat roof, and that ordnance mounted on it would dominate the Metropolis.

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There was a flat roof, but it turned out to be of glass.

The Man of Business' procedure, when he is placed at the head of a Government department, or of some branch of a Government department, in time of war is well known. He makes himself master of some gigantic building or some set of buildings. He then sets to work to people the premises with creatures of his own. He then, with the assistance of the superior grades among the creatures, becomes wrapped up in devising employment for the multitudinous personnel that has been got together. He then finds that he has not got sufficient accommodation to house his legions — and so it goes on. He talks in moments of relaxation of 'introducing business methods into Whitehall.' But that is absurd. You could not introduce business methods into Whitehall, because there is not room enough; you would have to commandeer the whole of the West End, and then you would be cramped. While the big men at the top are wrestling with housing problems, the staff are engaged in writing minutes to each other — a process which, when indulged in in out of date institutions of the War Office, Admiralty, Colonial Office type, is called 'red tape,' but which, when put in force in a department watched over by men of business, is called 'push and go.' Engulfed in one of these mushroom departments in later stages of the war, I could not but be impressed by what I saw. The women were splendid: the way in which they kept the lifts in exercise, each lady spending her time going up and down, burdened with a tea cup or a towel, and sometimes with both, was beyond all praise.

The successful man of business has owed his triumphs to aptitude in capturing the business of other people. Therefore when he blossoms out as a Government official in charge of a department, he devotes his energies to trying to absorb rival departments. It was a case of fat kine endeavoring to swallow lean kine, but finding at times that the lean kine were not so badly nourished after all — and took a deal of swallowing. And yet successful men of business, when introduced into Government departments, do have their points. One wonders how much the income tax payer would be saved during the next decade or two, had some great knight of industry been placed in charge of the Ministry of Munitions as soon as Mr. Lloyd George had, with his defiance of Treasury convention, with his wealth of imagination, and with his irrepressible and buoyant courage, set the thing properly on its legs. Unsuccessful men of business, when introduced into Government departments have their points too — bad points mostly.

My staff was from the outset numerically a fairly substantial one, and it was composed partly of officers and others brought in on mobilization to fill the places of picked men who had been spirited away into the Expeditionary Force, and partly of individuals acquired later, as other regular occupants were received up into the framework of the growing military forces of the country. New blood was thus introduced into the War Office under the shadow of my wing. Its methods might be a little unorthodox at times, but it generally managed to accomplish what it undertook.

Take 'X,' for instance, who had been retrieved from the Reserve of Officers and business pursuits, but who retained the instincts of the soldier — a man with all his wits about him, but who sometimes positively frightened one by his unconventional procedure. One hardly likes to say such a thing of a man behind his back, but I really

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should not have been surprised to hear that he had put one of those bulky War Office files that the messengers carry about into the fire, because he was unable to agree with views that he found expressed in it by other branches. He made up his mind in a moment, which was irregular; and he generally made it up right, which was unprecedented. His duties were of a particularly varied kind; but the one which he carried out with the greatest distinction was that of procuring interpreters. Experts in many outlandish tongues had to be found from the start, and 'X' always managed to produce the article required at the shortest notice. As a matter of fact he had laid hands upon a tame professor, whom he kept immured in a fastness somewhere in the attics, and who was always prepared to vouch for the proficiency of anybody in any language when called upon.

The first Divisions of the 'Old Contemptibles' to proceed to the Continent were fitted out with interpreters by the French. But for some reason or other a Division going to the front some weeks later had not been prepared for, and so we suddenly found that we had to furnish it with its linguists at this end. Confronted unexpectedly with this problem, 'X' demanded, 'How many do you want, sir?' I intimated that the authorized establishment was about seventy, but that if we could produce fifty under the circumstances we should have done very well. 'I'll have them ready early to-morrow, sir,' he remarked, as if it was the most ordinary thing in the world, and he did. For next morning the passages in the immediate vicinity of the room that he graced with his presence were congested with swarms of individuals, arrayed in the newest of new uniforms and resplendent in the lightest of light-brown belts and gaiters, who were hustled off unceremoniously to regiments and batteries and staffs on the eve of departure for the seat of war. It is quite true that some generals and colonels in this Division wrote from France to complain that their interpreters did not know French, or if they did know French they did not know English. But nobody takes that sort of thing seriously. In a grumbling match the British officer can keep his end up against the British soldier any day.

Then there was 'Y,' a picturesque and compelling figure, with nothing really serious against him except that he was a candidate for parliamentary honors. Starting in a comparatively humble position, a hewer of wood and a drawer of water as it were, 'Y,' by sheer force of character, by originality of conception, and by virtue of inborn acquisitiveness, had, before the war was nine months old, accomplished a species of rake's progress, had extorted gratifying concessions from an unsympathetic bureaucracy in respect to his own rank and emoluments, and had built up round himself a mammoth department. Still, the department merely represented the plant; 'Y' constituted the flower. Well might he have said with Napoleon: 'I was destined to rise, nothing could have kept me back.' He had a way with him when he approached the financial authorities which those parsimonious officials found irresistible, and which proved a trump card on the frequent occasions when it occurred to him to expand his entourage.

Although he was a soldier, he developed some of the propensities of the man of business. If he heard of a new set of offices approaching completion in the vicinity of Whitehall, and furnished with the fittings demanded by a progressive civilization, he commandeered them on the spot and de-

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vised a new section to house in them. Some among the myriad admirers of Mr. Lloyd George have, by the way, claimed for our present Prime Minister the credit of inventing this system. But they are under a misapprehension. Their idol in reality merely perfected methods of which 'Y' was father and first exponent. 'Y' no doubt was satisfied with comparatively small things, with edifices of perhaps twenty apartments or so, while Mr. Lloyd George would snap up the Metropole (and forget to pay for it). Still 'Y' was the inventor of the plan, even if Mr. Lloyd George showed how the invention could be put to more comprehensive use, and if the man of business in due course consummated the design.

For his own accommodation and that of his inner cabinet, 'Y' had secured the great Committee Rooms — noble apartments, paneled in oak, and held to be so sacred that the Secretary peremptorily refused to permit their transformation during the night-watches into a dormitory for the orderly officers. There 'Y' dwelt in state for many months, seated in a great leathern chair of the dimensions of a throne, dignified and courtly in his dealings with equals, kindly and condescending in his manner towards inferiors. The worst of it was that when Sir W. Robertson came over from the front to assume supreme control of the military side of the War Office, he bundled 'Y' and his flock unceremoniously out of these palatial apartments and laid hands on them himself. It was a deplorable act of vandalism.

Less stricken in years than 'Y,' a subaltern at the start in fact, fitted out with all the virtues of the typical subaltern, but furnished in addition with certain virtues that the typical subaltern does not necessarily possess, 'Z' was certainly not the least interesting and attractive personality adorning the War Office staff. It could not be said of him that

> deep on his brow engraven
> Deliberation sat and sovereign care,

but he treated Cabinet Ministers with an engaging blend of firmness and familiarity, and he could, when occasion called for it, keep Royalty in its place.

Once, when he thought fit to pay a visit on duty to Paris and the front, he took me with him, explaining that unless he had a general officer in his train there might be difficulties as to his being accompanied by his soldier servant. Generals and colonels and people of that kind doing duty at the War Office did not then have soldier servants — but 'Z' did. It is, however, bare justice to him to acknowledge that, after I had served his purpose, and when he came to send me back to England from Boulogne before he resumed his inspection of troops and trenches, he was grandmotherly in his solicitude that I should meet with no misadventure. 'Have you got your yellow form alright, sir? You'd better look. No, no; that's not it, that's another thing altogether. Surely you have n't lost it already! Ah, that's it. Now, do put it in your right-hand breast-pocket, where you won't get it messed up with your pocket handkerchief, sir, and remember where it is,'—it reminded one of being sent off as a small boy to school.

It was his practice to make a round of the different Public Departments of a forenoon, and to draw the attention of those concerned in each of them to any matters that appeared to him to call for comment. The Admiralty and the Foreign Office naturally engaged his attention more than others, but he was a familiar figure in them all.

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His activities were so varied indeed, that they almost might have been summed up as universal, which being the case, it is not perhaps altogether to be wondered at that he did occasionally make a mistake. For instance —

He burst tumultuously into my room one morning flourishing a paper. 'Have you seen this, sir?' As a matter of fact, I had seen it; but, as the document had conveyed no meaning to my mind, dissembled. Its purport was that 580 tons of a substance of which I had never heard before, and of which I have forgotten the name, had been landed somewhere or other in Scandinavia. 'But do you know what it is, sir? It's the most appalling poison! It's the concoction that the South Sea Islanders smear their bows and arrows with — cyanide and prussic acid are soothing syrup compared to it. Of course, it's for those filthy Boches. Five hundred and eighty tons of it! There won't be a bullet, or a Zeppelin, or a shell, or a bayonet, or a dart that won't be reeking with the stuff.' I was aghast. 'Shall I go and see the Director-General, A.M.S., about it sir?'

'Yes, do, by all means. The very thing.'

He came back presently. 'I've seen the D.-G., sir, and he's frightfully excited. He's got hold of all his deputies and hangers-on, and the whole gang of them are talking as if they were wound up. One of them says he thinks he has heard of an antidote, but of course he knows nothing whatever about it really, and is only talking through his hat. I tell you what, sir — we ought to lend them a hand in this business. I know Professor Stingo; he's miles and away the biggest man on smells and that sort of thing in London, if not in Europe. So, if you'll let me, I'll charter a taxi and be off and hunt him up, and get him to work. If the thing can be done, sir, he's the lad for the job. May I go, sir?'

'Very well, do as you propose, and let me know the result.'

He turned up again in the afternoon. 'I've seen old man Stingo, sir, and he's for it alright. He's going to collect a lot more sportsmen of the same kidney, and they're going to have the time of their lives, and to make a regular night of it. You see, sir, I pointed out to him that this was a matter of the utmost urgency — not merely a question of finding an antidote, but also of distributing it methodically and broadcast. After it's been invented, or made, or procured, or whatever's got to be done, some comedian in the Quartermaster-General's show will insist on the result being packed up in receptacles warranted rot-proof against everything that the mind of man can conceive till the Day of Judgment — you know the absurd way those sort of people go on, sir — and all that will take ages, æons.' He really thought of everything. 'And there'll have to be books of instructions, and classes, and the Lord knows what besides! After that the stuff'll have to be carted off to France and the Dardanelles, and maybe to Archangel and Mesopotamia; so Stingo and Co. are going to be up all night, and mean to arrive at some result or to perish in the attempt. And now, sir, what have you done about it at the Foreign Office?'

This was disconcerting, seeing that I had done nothing.

'Oh, but, sir,' sounding that note of submissive expostulation which the tactful staff officer contrives to introduce when he feels himself obliged reluctantly to express disapproval of superior military authority, 'ought n't we to do something? How would it be if I were to go down and see Grey, or one of them, and to talk to him like a father?'

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'Well, perhaps it might be advisable to make a guarded suggestion to them on the subject. Give my compliments to ——' But he was gone.

He returned in about half an hour. 'I've been down to the Foreign Office, sir, and as you might have expected, they have n't done a blooming thing. What those "dips" think they're paid for always beats me! However, I've got them to promise to cable out to their ambassadors and consuls and bottle-washers in Scandinavia to keep their wits about them. I offered to draft the wires for them; but they seemed to think that they could do it themselves, and I dare say they'll manage alright now that I've told them exactly what they are to say. I really do not know that we can do anything more about it this evening,' he added doubtfully, and with a worried, far-away look on his face. Good heavens he was never going to think of something else! He took himself off, however, still evidently dissatisfied and communing with himself.

Next forenoon he came into my room in a hurry. 'I've been hearing about the caterpillars, sir,' he exclaimed joyously.

'The caterpillars?'

'Oh, not crawly things like one finds in one's salad, sir. The ones the Admiralty are making*—armored, motor contrivances, with great big feet that will go across country, and jump canals, and go bang through Boche trenches and barbed wire as if they were n't there. They'll be perfectly splendid — full of platoons and bombs and machine guns, and all the rest of it. I *will* say this for Winston and those mariners across Whitehall — when they get an idea, they carry it out and do not bother whether the thing'll be any use or can be made at all — care no more for the Treasury than if it was so much dirt, and quite right too! Just what it is. But when they've got their caterpillars made, they won't know what to do with them, any more than the Babes in the Wood. Then we'll collar them, but in the meantime I might be able to give them some hints, so, if you'll let me, I'll go across and——'

'Yes, yes; but just one moment. How about the poison?'

'The poison, sir?' What poi — oh, that stuff. Did n't I tell you, sir? It is n't poison at all. You see, sir, it's this way. There are two forms of it. There's the white form, and that *is* poison, shocking poison; it's what the Fijians use when they want to pacify a busybody like Captain Cook who comes butting in where he is n't wanted. As a matter of fact there's uncommon little of it — they don't get a hundredweight in a generation. Then there's the red form, and that's what Johnnies have been dumping down 580 tons of at What's-its-name. It's quite innocuous, and is used for commercial purposes—tanning leather or making spills, or something of that kind. Now may I go to the Ad——'

'But have you told all this to the Director-General?'

'Oh, yes, sir. I told him first thing this morning.'

'Did he pass no remarks as to your having started him off after this absurd hare of yours?'

'Well, you see, sir, he's an uncommonly busy man, and I did n't feel justified in wasting his time. So, after relieving his mind, I cleared out at once.'

'And your professors?'

'Oh, those professor-men — it would never do to tell them, sir. They'd be perfectly miserable if they were deprived of the excitement of muddling about with their crucibles and blow-

* The first I heard of the 'Tanks,' which made so successful a début near the Somme a year and a half later.

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pipes, and retorts and things. It would be cruelty to animals to enlighten them — it would indeed, sir; and I know that you would not wish me to do anything to discourage scientific investigation. Now, sir, may I go over to the Admiralty?' And off he went. A treasure: unconventional, resourceful, and determined. The man to get a thing done that one wanted done — even if he did at times get a thing done that one did n't particularly want done — and in some respects quite the best intelligence officer I have come across in a fairly wide experience.

It has been as well that life in the War Office during the great war — and especially was it well during those early anxious days of 1914 and 1915 — has had its lighter side. The astonishing cheeriness of the British soldier even under the most trying circumstances has become proverbial; but his officer shares this priceless characteristic with him, and displays it even amid the deadening surroundings of the big building in Whitehall. But the best laugh that we enjoyed during that strenuous period was on the morning when news came that Anzac and Suvla had been evacuated at the cost of only some half-dozen casualties and of the abandonment of a very few worn-out guns. Then it was that an official who was very much behind the scenes extracted a document on the familiar gray-green paper from his safe and read it out with appropriate 'business' to a joyous party.

This State paper, a model of incisive diction and of moving prose, conceived in the best Oxford manner, drew a terrible picture of what might occur in withdrawing troops from a foreshore in presence of a ferocious foe. Its polished periods portrayed a scene of horror and despair, of a bullet-swept beach, of drowning soldiers, and of shattered boats. It quoted the case of some similar military operation, where warriors who had gained a footing on a hostile coast-line had been obliged to remove themselves in haste and had had the very father and mother of a time during the process — it was Marathon or Syracuse, or some such contemporary martial event, if I remember aright. This masterly production, there is reason to believe, had not been without its influence when the question of abandoning the Gallipoli Peninsula was under consideration of those responsible. I had enjoyed a somewhat singular experience in connection with those discussions myself. But that story must wait for a time when more serious matters can be passed in review.

Blackwood's Magazine

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MIRETTE

THE STORY OF A 'TOO LITTLE' DOG

BY COLLETTE WILLY

THE TOO LITTLE DOG [*with energy*]: Yes, it was I who broke the Chinese vase. And now . . .?

Yes, it was I, and no other. It was not the bull dog, not the yellow collie, not the shepherd with the sullen eyes or the rough and tumble terrier — it was I. And now what can you do, you who stand about me saying, 'Oh' and clasping your hands in indignation, and now. . . .

I broke the Chinese vase. I did it out of bravado, because I had nothing else to do. Only an hour ago I was walking in the street, claiming all the sidewalk with my arrogant eyes, and *frighting* three great danes with my alarming littleness.

You all saw me, all of you! I bit the porter, crossed the street in spite of your cries, chased a huge cat, tore to fragments an old newspaper deliciously scented with fish and rancid oil, and brought back to the house a little green bone, odorous and rare. Where did I put it? I no longer know. Here I am. I have just broken the Chinese vase!

You shall not find the shadow of an excuse. No, I have no stomach ache; I have not lapped too much water from my blue cup. I am not cold, not feverish, and my nose is as cool as a grape beneath an October dawn.

What punishment are you going to give me? I am waiting.

Will you strike me? There is not room enough on my body for half of your punishing hand.

I am too little, that is all there is to it, I am too little. I am smaller than all the dogs, smaller even than the cat, smaller than the parrot in his cage, smaller than the turtle promenading on the terrace.

Put away your hopes that I shall grow larger. Two summers have already passed over my head without adding an ounce to my ridiculous body.

In your hand I am light as a bird, but hard and corded with muscles. An insect's audacity is mine. My bravery is that of a fighting ant over whom danger, enormous, negligible, passes. I do not see the danger; I am too small. And not seeing, I defy my little share of all risks, I bark about a great dog's paw, I work myself into a fury against a great boot. A wheel of a wagon touched me, but I did not see the wagon — I am too small.

How large you are, you who are gathered about me, leaning over like trees, heavy, too, and swept by the scandal of my doing. What are you going to do? There weighs on you the crushing responsibility of protecting, prolonging, and delighting my scintillating, precious elfin life.

How you fear losing me! A superstition of love thrusts you towards me. Ah! Ah! when I came here, you did not know me? A little tiny dog with mole-colored hair — was that all you saw?

When Time had dispelled the dejection in which I arrived, when Time had

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torn away that veil of sadness, defiance, and nervous fever, which every animal that is for sale wears like a dark coat — then it was that I revealed myself to you.

Admit it: you thought for the first few weeks that a demon had entered your dwelling. No rest, no rest for anyone! A searching and grumbling humor led me from room to room, the least touch at a door tore from me shrill bat-like cries. If you sought to leave me alone, you found me half-smothered with rage, but two of you still wear the scars with which I recompensed their solicitude and zeal.

No rest. Then were the times when I used to escape as if by magic, each time you opened the door to the street. I slid about in the hallway flattened like a rat, or I sought the protection of an overhanging skirt.

And you sought me! I saw you, anxious, forgetful of your dinner, calling with your eyes full of tears, 'Mirette!' you have found me in the gutter, hidden in the carpenter's shop, at the rug seller's; once you found me at the creamery drinking a saucerful of warm milk the good wife had given me.

No rest! I have almost drowned myself in a tub, I have burned my nose on the boiler; a piece of sponge, eaten in secret, very nearly finished me. . . . So you, sighing with fatigue, remember those unhappy days?

And still I had not had enough; I wished your nights to be sleepless. Towards two in the morning I would wake, you remember, and demand my rubber ball, my rabbit's foot, my old torn leather glove. Never gentle, never in a coaxing mood, I played as one fights, in deadly earnest, and my sleep of fatigue did not assure your rest, for I strayed from dreams into nightmares, and from nightmares into trembling convulsions. You remember yet that trying time, the night lamp burning by my saucer of milk, and the syrup which I accepted from a spoon but refused in a saucer.

Any other would have wearied you. You rocked me anxiously in your hands, 'Heavens, how little she is!'

So little? yet I filled your world.

Oh, my tall and wonderful masters, before the fragments of this broken vase, I render you the justice due you; long have you merited your recompense. I gave it you, a recompense that in an hour rewarded you for weeks of patience. Do not forget, when I am gone, that day when my glance turned upon one of you, no longer the glance of a too little dog, aflame with a pride of hatred and a hobgoblin joy, but the look of a friend who gives you his very heart and soul. I myself remember the sudden gravity that overcame me, the suave tenderness with which I lay in your hands. All was over, I loved you. I tasted the irremediable melancholy of loving one who loves you; I foresaw the bitterness of separations and the terrible fear of losing that which one hopes to keep.

Do what you will with me, now, as I do what I will with you. You cannot ask me too much. My heart, large as the heart of a nightingale, beats and consumes itself with loving. To please you I have kept my insect gayety, and my taste for benevolent tyranny. I break your vases. I run along the edge of the table to hear you cry 'Ah!'—to see you stretch forth your hands; I make a pretense of tumbling into the garden pool to see you grow a little pale —'t is only to reconquer you afterwards with a look in which you may see glowing my soul of a tender hobgoblin, light as a flame, too little to fall, too small to die.

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THE RETURNING SOLDIER

A SENTIMENTAL PROBLEM

BY W. L. GEORGE

It is readily assumed that, as the men come back, couples will fly into each other's arms with a cry of rediscovery.

A rather stereotyped picture is painted of the return of the soldier, the man figuring as broad and ennobled by danger and discipline, the woman, as refined by faithful patience, and in many cases it may be a true picture. But in others it cannot represent the facts, for this is the realm of sentiment, where all is fugitive, where the years of parting have set subtle marks where a shade of conduct marks a substance of result.

Some are aware of this, women rather than men. Men, so far as I can ascertain, are generalizing as little as usual because they are not interested in domestic relations; they are glad to get back to their wives, assume that everything will be all right, that they will love and be loved, and pass on to more important matters such as the election or the chances of collecting a good team for Kent.

Women, because they are infinitely more concentrated on sex problems, because love is the path of primrose and thorn which they travel from the cradle to the grave, face these problems more gravely. Having been bred on flattery, and assured that good looks alone are the passport to a man's favor, many ask themselves whether these four years have not cost them more than four years of youth; they realize that efficiency often proves a foe to charm, and so, before a mirror, many a woman wonders whether she will still attract and hold the man who returns.

Other fears assail her too, for in this regard woman lives in fear; she wonders whether he has come to prefer some stranger thrown in contact with him in billets or abroad; because she doubts herself, she doubts him.

In such ponderings women are both right and wrong. They are wrong in so far as they do not understand that most men seldom trouble to analyze their wife and their relation with her; they fear to have lost their attraction for a man who has long since ceased to be attracted, but is quite content all the same; they are, on the other hand, right if they realize that contented marriage is founded on habit, and that a break of four years may not easily be healed.

The thoughtful woman who sees this may also tell herself that young men change, and short leave must have assured her that he has done so. He is confessedly grosser; for four years he has washed where he could, slept and eaten coarsely, and acquired a habit of crude language. To this she must adjust herself until she can again civilize him, and I think she will, for male roughness is not altogether disagreeable to her; she will find the opposite type, the idealist, more difficult to live with.

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I do not want to exaggerate: it is too easily assumed that the flood of war poetry and the trench revival of religion are more than a phase, but it is likely that long periods of inaction streaked with peril have created in men's minds false pictures of idyllic homes and gracious maids, the whole roseate with memories of 'the good old pre-war days.' Those men may demand an excessive emotional grace, and if I may venture to advise wives I should say: 'He has suffered greatly. If he be crude, tolerate; if idealistic, pander. He will grow normal again.'

The more introspective woman carries still further these awkward questions. She is capable of self-examination, and if she realizes that four years have forced on her new occupations and associates she may ask herself whether she herself has changed; she welcomes her husband back, but she is no longer sure that he will suit her mentally; he may be the same man, but she may not be the same woman. To fall in love again with a stranger, it would be exciting to do so, but terrible to fail.

This may be complicated by a small but serious problem; she married a man in khaki; supposing he is slovenly in mufti? I have already come across one case where the man is at fault; he should be imprisoned for three months in the office of the 'Tailor and Cutter.'

All this shows how much tolerance couples will need. For both parties have changed. Many men, before the war, led enclosed lives, getting up in time for a given train, doing certain work, coming home, indulging little in social intercourse. This was especially the case in small towns. Now, in officers' messes, at socials, in the parks, they have attained a broader life; they have found pleasure in games, dancing, conversation, and have mixed freely with women. They are not likely to settle without fret into the comparative dullness of their homes.

Also, they have grown used to the daily companionship of other men; they will want their 'evenings out,' and if they find obstacles in the way are likely to resent it. Well, these are freedoms they must have, and the wise wife will shed conceit, realize that woman alone makes not heaven for man; indeed she will procure his pleasures to hold him better.

Incidentally, the wife may equally desire social pleasures. During the war she has been freer, especially if she has done paid work; her movements have been uncontrolled; she has easily mixed with men, so she, too, will want to maintain her liberties, will call for her husband's tolerance and good sense.

All this cannot happen without strain, but I am assured that the direction of these desires is good, for it amounts to a plea for social freedom. And whether we think in terms economic, political, or social, I am convinced that one cannot have too much freedom. It is better to use it ill than not to have it at all.

The Daily Chronicle

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GERMANY IN 1970*

BY E. S. P. HAYNES

THIS prophetic description of Germany in 1970 is full of grim humor; but it is more grim than humorous. By that time Germany has become entirely segregated from the rest of Europe, and even to get there travelers have to cross a No Man's Land of five miles. Germany, isolated from the civilized world, continues on quite logical lines, her mania for the State and Liberty is never mentioned except by a few old men in lunatic asylums. The account of the country is given by a foreign observer, and two of his observations will give something of its atmosphere:

Quite apart from that, the police watch over the life of the people from the point of view of the general public interest. They collect information from all the other departments. Suppose a man neglects his attendance at the theatre: the amusement authority must report the case to the police. Similarly with all the other departments. Suppose, for instance, a man were to try to make an unauthorized journey, or to remain absent from work without a medical certificate, or to exceed his proper expenditure and get into debt, or try to pass himself off as a member of a higher class: in such cases it is the police who take cognizance of the offense. Then there is the annual report and certificate of conduct with respect to every citizen. How could this be filled up without exact information? All this involves a great deal of work.

This Time Department is the most extraordinary institution of all I have seen so far. Every person over ten years of age is required to fill in a diary-form each week showing the time spent daily on every separate operation. The diary form is a stout double sheet of foolscap providing four pages altogether. The first page is stamped with the name, address, and other particulars of the 'diarist.' The two open pages are ruled into 336 small oblong spaces, one for each half hour of the week. In these spaces brief entries are made, such as 'breakfast,' 'tram journey,' 'conversation,' 'sleeping,' etc. This part of the diary thus gives a chronological account of each day in successive half hours. On the back page is printed a long list of about 50 categories in three columns. I noticed such headings as these: Sleep, dressing, meals (subdivided), traveling (conveyance specified), employment (specified under many heads), study (specified), reading, letter-writing, interviews with officials, attendance at theatre, concert, church, museum, etc., conversation (subdivided into family, friends, others), other amusements (specified), public ceremonies, drill, etc. Against each of these headings the total number of minutes spent during the week is recorded.

The information derived from these diaries is scrutinized and worked up into elaborate reports and statistics for the benefit of the Sociological Department, the Police Department, the Department of Trade and Industry, and so forth. I hope to learn more of this most remarkable feature of Meccanian life when I reach the capital, where the Central Time Department carries on its work.

There are seven classes in the State, each of which wears a different uniform. The author does not seem to be aware that in France there are no less than nine classes of funerals with sumptuary regulations prescribing a particular class of funeral according to the wealth of the deceased person. Nevertheless, the French law does not go beyond the dead.

The Meccanian State takes the theatre in hand, and naturally has to compel attendance after prescribing the subject matter:

* *Meccania, the Super-State.* By Owen Gregory Methuen.

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'When you speak of the subject of a play, what do you mean exactly?' I asked.

'The old plays had often no real subject; they had titles, it is true, but these titles were mere names of persons, or mere names of places or incidents. What, for instance, can you make of a title such as *Julius Cæsar?* or *The Emperor of the East?* or *Catherine?* or *The Tyrant of Genoa?* or *The Crime of Boniface?* If you are acquainted with the development of the drama, you will know that about ninety years ago a great advance was made by means of what was then called "The Problem Play." Some of these plays had a real subject. We have gone much further, of course. Take the subjects of some of our best-known plays: *Efficiency*, *Inefficiency*, *National Self-Consciousness*. These are all by our Chief Dramatic-Composer Grubber. His latest play, *Uric Acid*, is in my opinion even better than these."

'*Uric Acid!*' I exclaimed; 'what an extraordinary subject!'

'It is one of a series of medical plays,' explained Dr. Dodderer, quite undisturbed. 'The subject lends itself splendidly to the methods of Meccanian Art. The part played by uric acid in the life of the individual, the family, the State, treated physiologically, sociologically, ethically, and philosophically, is almost infinite in its possibilities, and Grubber has made the most of them.'

'And do the public enjoy these medical plays?'

'You appear to be obsessed, if I may say so,' replied Dr. Dodderer, 'with the idea of enjoyment. You must bear in mind our standpoint, which I have already explained. But certainly the public takes great interest in the medical plays. Sub-Dramatist Smellie wrote a series, *Phthisis*, *Nephritis*, and *Meningitis*, which are almost equal to Grubber's *Uric Acid*, but he fails a little in the higher aspects of the subject, and consequently his fourth acts fall short of the highest philosophical perfection. I remember reading the proofs of his first play, *Gall Stones*. It was excellent until he came to the philosophical phase. It reminded me of an older play produced in the transition period, some fifty years ago, called *The Blind and the Deaf*. It had a considerable vogue for several years, but you see from its title that the conception was not fully developed.'

'These medical plays,' I said, 'are not the most typical productions of the dramatic genius of modern Meccania, I suppose?'

'In some ways they are,' replied Dr. Dodderer. 'That is to say, they are almost peculiar to our country. But one of our younger playwrights has developed the subject of economics in a way almost equally unique. His *Significance of Food*, and his *Insurance*, and *Distribution*, are a mere introduction to his masterpiece, *Value*. A very slight work on *Inaccuracy*, which was almost a farce, first attracted the attention of the Board of Criticism. They refused to produce *Inaccuracy* in its original form, and he embodied it in a more mature work, *Production*, which was the first of his genuine economic plays.'

The description of the lunatics in the asylum who talk about liberty is, perhaps, not so cogent as the logic of the following argument about the denial of any leizure not accounted for to the State.

'But,' I inquired innocently, 'is there no feeling of resentment on the part of the public at the somewhat inquisitorial methods of the Time Department?'

'Resentment!' he said, almost angrily. 'Why should there be resentment?'

'At having to give an account of all that one does even in one's leisure time?'

'But when everybody knows that we save millions a year by it, and when the State has decided that it is for the public benefit, and the obligation is imposed upon everybody; why should anyone raise objections?'

The grimmest passage in the book comes near the end. The productivity of Meccania increases every year, though no one quite knows how the State revenue is spent, and the rest of Europe continues to exist quite oblivious of the dingy fanatics whom they never see. No idea of danger occurs to them. But a Chinese diplomat in Meccania begins to scent danger:

'The next war,' he said, 'will be a chemical war.'

'A chemical war? What on earth is that?' I said.

'They have been experimenting for thirty years and more, and they think they have discovered what they want.

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It may take them several years to perfect their arrangements; it will certainly take them a year or two, and may take six or seven. But one never knows. I suppose you never heard of the three days' war, did you?'

'No,' I replied; 'what was it?'

'The State of Lugrabia, with which the Meccanians are in permanent alliance, refused to ratify a new treaty that seemed unfavorable to them in some respects, and feeling ran so high that there was some talk in Lugrabia of putting an end to the alliance. Without any declaration of war the Meccanian Government dispatched a small fleet of air-vessels, planted about a dozen chemical "Distributors," as they are euphemistically called, and warned the Lugrabian State that, unless their terms were complied with, the twelve chief cities would be wiped out. The war was over in three days. And to this day the outside world has never heard of the event.'

'How can it have been kept secret?' I said.

'Ask rather how could it leak out?' replied Kwang.

'Anyhow,' he went on, 'they think they have got something that will enable them to defeat any combination. There is no question in dispute with any foreign power. The political "horizon" is perfectly clear. But it is time for me to go home.'

Germany can never be regarded as even human until her diabolical religion of the State has been finally exploded. Nothing else matters. The insanity may exist under any form of government.

The New Witness

SIR JAMES GEORGE FRAZER ON BIBLICAL LEGEND

THIS most recent product of Sir James Frazer's amazing industry* will, in all probability, be more widely read and discussed than any of his previous works, inasmuch as it is mainly devoted to the interpretation of the Bible, a subject which attracts many persons who take no special interest in anthropology for its own sake. The idea of illustrating the Old Testament by analogies drawn from the myths, customs, and superstitions of various primitive peoples is not, of course, a new one. Modern exegetical works, for example, Dr. J. Skinner's *Commentary on Genesis* (1910) and Dr. G. Buchanan Gray's *Commentary on Numbers* (1903), contain much valuable material of this kind; but no one has hitherto published anything to be compared with the vast and varied store of information which Sir James Frazer now places before us. So imposing a mass is not without its dangers; for we are tempted at first to imagine that we have here a complete statement of the facts, whereas in reality we have only samples, the preservation of which has been largely the work of chance. Of the beliefs and practices current in the ancient world an immense proportion has perished without leaving a trace. It is particularly important to bear in mind that the writers of the Old Testament are never mere mouthpieces of popular tradition: their aim is moral and religious edification, and whether they accept or reject what was commonly believed, the information which they supply with regard to it is purely incidental. Another difficulty which confronts us in our investigations is that later Jewish scribes were very apt to alter, either deliber-

* *Folklore in the Old Testament.* Studies in Comparative Religion, Legend, and Law. By Sir James George Frazer, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Three volumes. Macmillan. 37*s.* 6*d.* net.

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ately or from mere ignorance, passages which referred to the superstitions of an earlier age. Whether, for instance, Ezekiel's condemnation of the prophetesses 'who hunted souls' (Ezekiel xiii, 17–23) has been handed down to us correctly may be gravely questioned. Sir James offers us an elaborate and plausible explanation (Vol. II, pages 510 *et seq.*), emending the text in several places; but nevertheless the precise nature of the practices to which Ezekiel here alludes still remains doubtful. With respect to analogies derived from other nations, it is especially to be deplored by students of the Old Testament that we know so little of the peoples with whom the Israelites were most closely connected, such as the Moabites, Canaanites, and Arameans. This is a gap which no amount of inscriptions from Egypt or Babylonia and of accounts borrowed from the works of modern travelers can ever fill up.

In his preface Sir James describes folklore as embracing 'the whole body of a people's traditionary beliefs and customs, so far as these appear to be due to the collective action of the multitude and cannot be traced to the individual influence of great men' (page vii). This definition is perhaps the best that can be given, but it obviously does not draw a sharp line of demarcation between folklore and some other subjects, such as theology, law, and social organization, for though these latter may often be 'traced to the individual influence of great men' they always contain elements which are 'due to the collective action of the multitude.' Hence it would be unreasonable to complain that Sir James has not attempted to arrange his material in a strictly logical order. In theory it might be desirable to treat mythical narratives, magical rites, and social institutions separately, but in practice no such rigid distinction could be maintained. Accordingly, Sir James has divided his work into four parts — namely, (1) The Early Ages of the World; (2) The Patriarchal Age; (3) The Times of the Judges and the Kings; (4) The Law. But though the arrangement is, in a sense, chronological, it often happens that in the earlier chapters we meet with comparatively late ideas, whereas some very primitive myths and customs are placed near the end.

It is hardly necessary to say that in dealing with the narratives of the Pentateuch Sir James carefully distinguishes between the so-called Jehovistic and the so-called priestly portions of the text; as we might have expected, he adopts the view that the former are the more ancient (Vol. I, pages 5, 131). On the subject of the Fall of Man he propounds a very ingenious theory. It has often been pointed out that in the story as we find it in Genesis ii and iii, the part played by the tree of life and the tree of knowledge respectively is hard to explain.

> Accordingly some have thought that there were originally two different stories of the fall, in one of which the tree of knowledge figured alone, and in the other the tree of life alone, and that the two stories have been unskillfully fused into a single narrative by an editor, who has preserved the one nearly intact, while he has clipped and pared the other almost past recognition. It may be so, but perhaps the solution of the problem is to be sought in another direction. The gist of the whole story of the fall appears to be an attempt to explain man's mortality, to set forth how death came into the world. It is true that man is not said to have been created immortal and to have lost his immortality through disobedience; but neither is he said to have been created mortal. Rather we are given to understand that the possibility alike of immortality and of mortality was open to him, and that it rested with him which he would choose; for the tree of life stood within his reach, its fruit was not forbidden to him, he had only to stretch out his hand, take of the

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fruit, and eating of it live forever. Indeed, far from being prohibited to eat of the tree of life, man was implicitly permitted, if not encouraged, to partake of it by his Creator, who had told him expressly that he might eat freely of every tree in the garden, with the single exception of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Thus by planting the tree of life in the garden and not prohibiting its use, God apparently intended to give man the option, or at least the chance, of immortality, but man missed his chance by electing to eat of the other tree, which God had warned him not to touch under pain of immediate death. This suggests that the forbidden tree was really a tree of death, not of knowledge, and that the mere taste of its deadly fruit, quite apart from any question of obedience or disobedience to a divine command, sufficed to entail death on the eater.

Hence Sir James suggests that in the original form of the story the serpent was sent as a messenger by the Deity in order to instruct man as to the true nature of the two trees, and that he (*i.e.*, the serpent) deliberately perverted the message, so that he might appropriate to himself the fruit which conferred immortality. In favor of this hypothesis several striking parallels are cited from various sources.

To the legend of the Flood a very long and interesting chapter is devoted (pages 104–361). Sir James agrees with all recent investigators in supposing that the Biblical story is ultimately derived from the Babylonian Deluge myth. It may be mentioned that he includes in his survey the latest discovery that bears on the subject — namely, the very ancient Sumerian text found by American excavators at Nippur. Unfortunately, this Sumerian account is so grievously mutilated that very little fresh information can be derived from it. How far the other Deluge stories which appear in various parts of the ancient and modern world were borrowed from Babylonia is a question about which there has been great difference of opinion. Sir James comes to the conclusion that both the Greek story of Deucalion and the Indian story of Manu originated independently. If the Indian myth came from Babylonia, we might naturally assume that it passed into India through Persia; yet, as Sir James points out, there is no evidence that the ancient Persians had any tradition of a Deluge. In addition to the proofs which he cites on this subject he might have mentioned the statement of Al-Biruni, who says in his book on the *Chronology of Ancient Nations* (translated by E. Sachan, London, 1879, page 27): 'The Persians, and the great mass of the Magians, deny the Deluge altogether. . . . Some, however, of the Persians admit the fact of the Deluge, but they describe it in a different way.' Al-Biruni professed Mahometanism, but as he was a Persian by race and a man of immense learning, his testimony respecting the Magians (that is, the Zoroastrians) is peculiarly important; that in his time (the eleventh century after Christ) *some* Persians believed in a Deluge may, of course, be explained as due to Christian and Mahometan influences. It is likewise remarkable that, as Sir James observes, 'in Africa, including Egypt, native legends of a great flood are conspicuously absent; indeed, no single clear case of one has yet been reported' (page 333). Thus the assertion, sometimes found in apologetic literature, that all nations have retained memories of the Deluge is shown to be baseless.

About six hundred pages of the book deal with the Patriarchal period.

The history takes the form of a series of biographies, in which the fortunes of the nation are set forth, not in vague general outlines but in a series of brilliantly colored pictures recording the adventures of individual men, the forefathers of the race. The unity which runs through the lives of the patriarchs is not merely genealogical;

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a community of occupation as well as of blood binds these ancestors of Israel together; all are nomadic shepherds and herdsmen, roaming from place to place with their flocks and herds in search of fresh pasture; they have not yet settled down to the humdrum life of the peasant, who repeats, year after year, the same monotonous round of labor on the same fields on which his father and his father's father had labored all their days before him. In short it is the pastoral age which the writers of Genesis have depicted with a clearness of outline and a vividness of coloring which time has not dimmed, and which, under all the changed conditions of modern life, still hold the reader spellbound by their ineffable charm. (Page 391.)

To this general description Sir James adds a footnote, in which he says: 'I see no sufficient reason to question, with some modern writers, the historical reality of the great Hebrew patriarchs, though doubtless some of the incidents and details which tradition has recorded concerning them are unhistorical.' But it is evident that the question whether the Hebrew patriarchs are historical persons cannot be profitably discussed until we have proved that the general picture of the 'pastoral age' given in Genesis is a faithful picture — in other words, that it correctly represents the conditions of nomadic life in ancient and modern times. Sir James appears to assume that it does; hence he calls Abraham 'the type of the Semitic sheikh' (page 429). On this subject it is worth while to cite some remarks published thirty years ago by an eminent Orientalist whose acquaintance with the nomads, derived not only from books but also from close personal contact, entitles his opinion to the greatest respect:

A generation ago it was fashionable to call Abraham an Arab sheikh; M. Renan is content to say that he is the type of an Arab sheikh; but in point of fact it would be difficult to specify a single feature of resemblance between the patriarchal life, as described in Genesis, and the life of the modern Bedouin, which is not either superficial or part of the general difference between Eastern and Western society. And, on the other hand, the points of difference between the life of the patriarchs and the ordinary life of a nomad group are many and fundamental. On this question an appeal may confidently be taken to everyone who either knows the modern Bedouin or has made any serious study of the 'Aghani' and other documents of Arabian life before Islam. But, indeed, it is enough to appeal to the Bible itself. The Hebrews knew the wild men of the desert, and the patriarchal history draws their type in the person of Ishmael. The author who drew this figure was certainly not of M. Renan's mind as to the identity of the patriarchal and the nomadic life. The picture of the patriarchal age is an ideal picture, but it is not idealized from the life of the Semitic nomads, whose hand was against every man and every man's hand against them. If we accept the picture presented in Genesis literally, it displays a miraculous life. And the miracles in the history of the patriarchs are not mere garnishing which can be stripped off and still leave the image of a real state of society. That Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob could roam at large through Palestine without fear and without war, though they were aliens from their own kin, and had not become the protected dependents of another kin, is a standing miracle, and on this miracle everything else in the history of Genesis depends. If the supernatural explanation is given up, the whole notion of a patriarchal age falls to the ground; we must then assume with the Dutch and German critics that the picture in Genesis is idealized, in a way quite unhistorical, from the conditions of Hebrew life in the ninth and tenth centuries B.C., when the nomadic past of Israel already lay hid in the mists of antiquity, and we must hold that the actual condition of the Hebrews in the nomadic age was of the far ruder and wilder type to which all other evidence points. (Robertson Smith in a review of Renan's *Histoire d'Israël*, reprinted in *Lectures and Essays*, edited by Black and Chrystal, London, 1912, pages 610–612.)

But those who hold, with Robertson Smith, that the patriarchal narratives in Genesis are essentially unhistorical may at the same time consistently

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maintain that we find in them occasional references to beliefs and customs which, even if they do not go back to the 'pastoral age,' are nevertheless very ancient. Among such customs we may reckon what Sir James calls ultimogeniture — that is, the rule whereby the youngest son has the first claim to his father's property. This curious usage — which has been known in many parts of the world, including mediæval England — is discussed by Sir James at considerable length. He explains its origin by the very plausible supposition that in primitive times the elder sons of a family successively quitted the paternal abode in order to seek a living elsewhere, so that the youngest son was the natural support of his parents in their old age, and finally became their heir. A different explanation, which has had some vogue, is that ultimogeniture was the result of the so-called *jus primæ noctis* — that is, the right of concubinage claimed by an overlord with his dependent's wife on her wedding night; but this theory Sir James rejects as altogether fanciful.

That the stories of Isaac and of Jacob offer traces of the practice of ultimogeniture may be admitted as probable. But Sir James goes much farther than this when he conjectures that the account of the trick by which Jacob supplanted his elder brother Esau is 'a reminiscence of a legal ceremony whereby a younger son was substituted for his elder brother as rightful heir to the paternal inheritance (Vol. II, page 4). In other words, when primogeniture had displaced the older practice of ultimogeniture, a younger son could not become the heir until he had gone through the formality of pretending to be born again, either as a man or as a domestic animal.

The quaint story of the Diverted Blessing, with its implication of fraud and treachery practised by a designing mother and a crafty son on a doting husband and father, wears another and a far more respectable aspect if we suppose that the discreditable color it displays has been imported into it by the narrator, who failed to understand the true nature of the transaction which he described. That transaction, if I am right, was neither more nor less than a legal fiction that Jacob was born again as a goat for the purpose of ranking as the elder instead of the younger son of his mother. We have seen that among the Akikuyu of East Africa, a tribe possibly of Arabian, if not of Semitic, descent, a similar fiction of birth from a goat or a sheep appears to play an important part in the social and religious life of the people. It will be some confirmation of our hypothesis if we can show that the pretense of a new birth, either from a woman or from an animal, has been resorted to by other peoples in cases in which, for one reason or another, it has been deemed desirable that a man should, as it were, strip himself of his old personality and, assuming a new one make a fresh start in life. (Pages 27, 28.)

It is, of course, quite natural that, among primitive peoples, 'a fresh start in life' should be effected by such a ceremony. But in the present case it is not easy to see why the fiction of a new birth should be employed. If the object was to make the younger son appear to be the elder, we should expect the ceremony to take some form which suggested an antedating, not a post-dating of the man's birth. But not one of the instances of a fictitious 'new birth' which Sir James brings forward seems to have any connection with the question of primogeniture.

It would be easy to cite many other examples of the bold and ingenious suggestions contained in Sir James's work. But such theories, however attractive they may appear, are not the sole contribution which he has made to the exegesis of the Old Testament. His book is a mine of instructive facts for which all future students of the subject will be grateful.

The Times

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WHAT IS 'LABOR'?

BY A PAST-PRESIDENT OF THE INSTITUTION OF MINING AND METALLURGY

As there is at present an almost universal desire to make the world better after the war than it was before, and as the country is prepared, as never before, to make changes (and even experiments) for this purpose, it is apparent that to secure wisdom from the multitude of counselors, some education in general principles and some destruction of current fallacies are requisite. Words, and terms, and phrases are all-powerful to-day; and when the worship of these is backed up by a general and generous desire to do something, and to do it quickly, then serious danger exists of doing things which actually defeat the main object in view.

One term which has been terribly overworked during the war is 'Labor' and it represents several very different things to different minds, and it varies in varying circumstances. To many it represents those men and women who work with their hands; but as this is obviously too wide a definition for many purposes of political argument, it is sometimes narrowed to those who are paid by the hour or the day, as distinct from those who are paid by the week, or the month, or the year. To those who calculate in terms of votes, labor is really that minority of actual workers who are organized for the effective exercise of power in trades unions, and who are, in fact, an aristocracy of those who labor, having special skill, special rules of their own, special advantages by their organization, and having special legal privileges over the remainder of the population. From this looseness of definition many errors in judgment on practical measures result. For instance, persons with an active sympathy for the sufferers from bad conditions of living among laborers subject to irregular-employment and low wages are led to sympathize with any artificially engineered agitation among the regularly employed and well-paid members of some trades union, regardless of the particular questions involved; this simply because it is labeled in the press 'Labor unrest,' and quite regardless of the fact that such agitation often results in increased suffering for the real objects of their sympathy, and for the mass of the working population not thought of as 'Labor.' During the war, while the welfare and even existence of the nation were at stake, while the great mass of the population of all classes were making the greatest sacrifices and exertions to insure victory, there have been constant strikes of workers whose labor was essential to the conduct of the war. These have been strikes against the Government and the nation, not against individual employers; and they have been carried out by those of the population who on the whole suffered less during the war than any other class. There has been at times an absolute misrepresentation of the facts by the press, in attempting to explain 'unrest' as connected with past misdeeds of private employers, as due to over-work, increased cost of living, or want of tact on the part of the Government. All such causes were equally operative in the living conditions of the vast majority of the people,

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and could not be claimed as an excuse by a small, privileged, and well-paid class whose sacrifices were less than the average. When a small body of men did in many cases practically blackmail the country in its supreme difficulty of continuance of the war, and then took advantage of increased wages or piece-work to work less hours per week than before the war, it was a palpable absurdity to make such excuses for their conduct as those just referred to; and it was equally absurd to quote the large numbers of a class loosely called 'labor' who were fighting, as offering any reason for not sternly rebuking those who preferred not to fight, but refused to work strenuously with all other non-combatants. If we assume that the Government were forced to wink at many evils from fear of worse, and that the press conscientiously blacked itself for its part in support of the production of necessaries at any cost, it remains to-day a pressing duty to the country that plain speaking should now attempt to correct false impressions of the past, and to check the dangerous habits of loose reasoning on the policy for the future.

The inexcusable conduct of the members of some of the trades unions did not arise from disloyalty of the majority of the workingmen; and in most cases it did not arise with the consent of the regular and experienced officials of the unions. Its real origin is in a small number of agitators to whom the war itself, and the immediate welfare of the worker, were as nothing in importance compared with their own particular form of revolution in society in general. The activity of these reformers has been immensely helped by a very widely distributed press, the nature and very existence of which are unknown to the general public. When a strike is advocated, the mass of the members in the branch or the union affected will blindly follow, even if opposed to action at first. The facts and dangers of the situation were very plainly set forth in several articles which began in the *Times* of September 28, 1917, and were entitled 'The Ferment of Revolution.' These articles were written by a professor in one of the Universities who has a strong sympathy with all legitimate efforts at improving the conditions of life for all underpaid labor. Events since the articles appeared have fully justified the writer, but too little attention was paid to them when published. In the opinion of most business men experienced in the industries of the country, the Government made a great mistake in not putting the loyalty of the men and their unions to the test in the spring of 1917, when a number of the agitators had been arrested for breach of the Defense of the Realm Act, and were released on a threat of a general strike, and who have been brilliantly active since in engineering strike after strike, reducing production, and costing the country tens of millions of pounds.

To those who do not follow the movements of revolution beyond the formal appearances of it at labor conferences, as published in the daily papers, it will illuminate certain aspects to repeat here the substance of a speech made by a well-known agitator at a public meeting of people interested in the attempt to introduce councils of employers and employed in the operation of workshops. After favorable remarks and friendly criticism of details of application from employers, various reformers, and from leaders of trades unions present, the agitator spoke in effect as follows: 'You have heard the views of employers and some officials of unions. Now I will give you the views of the workingman at the bench. We are not going

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to have any employers represented in shop councils. Each works will be run by a committee of workmen only. There will be a District Council at which the Works Committees will be represented. There will be a National Council to control the District Councils, and above all there will be an International Council; and when I say International, I mean International (doubtless thinking of German comrades). We all believe in the teachings of Karl Marx, and we are going to put an end to payment by wages. We are going to keep on strike after strike till we get what we want. I have had jobs in 40 different workshops since — (date not heard) — and expect to be in 40 more. No employer shall suck my brains. I helped in the late strike of aeroplane workers, and we are going to have plenty more of them.'

The attitude of mind represented by this enthusiastic worker for a new order of things, has been at the bottom of most of the unnecessary troubles during the war; which troubles have been quite distinct from the natural efforts of workers to get the best possible wages to meet increased cost of living. There are several varieties of Socialists having different views as to the future relations of the State, Capital, and Labor, and their organized efforts have led to a control of much of the mechanism of certain trades unions. A group which calls itself the 'Labor Party,' acting on self-constituted authority for labor in general, has been making a strong bid for many months past, to increase its political voting force by including 'brains' as well as 'hands' in its membership. Its official form of Socialism is based on advantages to be secured to everybody by a series of apparent incompatibilities, obtainable by the State directing all efforts of production and distribution. The worker will receive high wages, work comparatively few hours, and obtain cheap living and luxuries by the blessing of free imports. It is not suggested that he need increase his production during his hours of work in order to secure all these advantages; and he is also to share in the benefits distributable in cash, or in conditions of life, by the State out of its surplus profits. When this time arrives — and water runs uphill — the leisure gained by those who formerly did the pumping can be devoted to 'the promotion of music, literature, and fine art, which have been under Capitalism so greatly neglected,' according to the manifesto of the Labor Party.

Now, these are ideals which all the world would like to see obtained; but past history has shown the certain failure of impracticable efforts at reconstituting society by the class of minds directing the present movements of organized labor, as distinct from the world of workers. The danger of fatal experiments being made on the infinitely complicated industrial society of to-day, rests on the sensible and experienced people of all classes in the country being divided into two great political camps, thus largely neutralizing their power, while a well-organized third party may by its votes determine the course of legislation for a time. A not improbable course of events may be a strong reaction of the bulk of the members of trades unions — reinforced by their comrades from the front who have widened their views of the world — against the minority revolutionaries who have, for the time, taken direction of policy. There are well-meaning people of this description, by whom the atrocities of the Germans can be dismissed with the statement that 'the devil was not as black as painted'; but who do become furious at the mere name of Havelock Wilson.

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TALK OF EUROPE

THE FIRST UNCENSORED REPORT OF A LONDON AIR-RAID

FOR the first time London is learning what happened during the air-raids. The following account of the raid of September 8, 1915, has been clipped from the *Manchester Guardian*.

This Zeppelin raid over London, both in the number of people killed and injured and in the damage to property, was calamitous, though the casualties were extraordinarily small in proportion to the destruction of houses and business premises, the chief reason being that the worst fires were in city warehouses, which are always deserted at night. The gutting of one big silk warehouse alone meant a loss of £20,000. The excitement caused was infinitely greater than on the occasion of previous raids. This was natural in view of the fact that for the first time the Zeppelins were clearly seen from many parts of London. One Zeppelin evidently tried to drop bombs on the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange and the other important buildings in the centre of the city. The bomb dropped nearest to the Bank of England fell in Colman Street, and hit a big insurance office. Another fell about 200 yards from the bank in Moorgate Street. An explosive bomb damaged the R.M.S.P. Company's office and some solicitors' offices. The next place touched in the Zeppelin's line of progress was Liverpool Street Station. The open space outside the station is a great collecting place for 'buses. An explosive bomb struck a 'bus outside the station and smashed it to atoms, and about 20 yards away in Bishopsgate Street another 'bus was hit. Most of the fatal casualties of the raid were those of passengers on these two 'buses. Eight or nine people were killed, including two of the 'busmen.

The next area of serious damage was round about Wood Street and Aldermanbury, just north of Cheapside. In Wood Street one of the great textile houses, Ward, Sturt, and Co., a large gray-stone building, was fired by an incendiary bomb. It was completely cleaned out, the fire burning with a tremendous blaze for several hours. A stone's throw away in Love Lane the very large silk warehouse of Bridge and Co. was also destroyed by fire. At the end of Love Lane is Aldermanbury, the old church of St. Mary the Virgin, standing in a small open space at the junction of the two streets. A tall block of offices overlooking the churchyard was struck by an explosive bomb, which exploded on the coping of the roof and rained down blocks of masonry into the street, wrecking the premises. The force of this explosion was such that every window in Aldermanbury was smashed. A feather warehouse was struck, and so tremendous was the force of the explosion that feathers were driven into the solid wall. At one place the lead was stripped from a roof and driven into the air, remaining curled into big balls over the telegraph wires and hanging down over the street.

Red Lion Street, a little street connecting Theobald's Road with Red Lion Square, was badly knocked about. A bomb fell in the middle of it, and wiped out the lower parts of most of the houses, including a public-house, which was left apparently supported by one pillar. The Penny Bank at the corner of the street was destroyed.

The damage done in this raid was estimated at £2,000,000, chiefly by the great fire in the Wood Street district.

September 8, 1915.

FRENCH WORKINGMEN TO WILSON

JUST before President Wilson arrived in France, the Unified Socialist Party and the General Confederation of Labor issued a manifesto inviting their adherents to attend a great meeting in his honor. The text of the manifesto follows.

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President Wilson is about to land on French soil.

President Wilson is the highest placed and noblest representative of that American nation whose aid proved decisive in the formidable contest of the peoples for their interests and rights.

President Wilson is the daring statesman who ventured to put Justice higher than Interest, the man who has wished to find for humanity a less sorrowful, less blood-stained road.

He has thrilled to every idea which stirs democracies and the working classes.

Now that German militarism and reactionary policy have been brought low, the democracies desire to see the scourge of war forever banished from the world in order that the work of the world may be done in peace.

For having affirmed these principles of action, for having kept them before the world, President Wilson deserves well of Humanity.

Manufacturing and peasant France, and the people of Paris who have so often fought for liberty, will thank President Wilson when he comes among them.

Let us try to let him know that the hearts of millions of men and women are with him in his task.

Let the presence of the workers of France cry aloud to him from the street. For international justice, for the society of nations which shall make the rights and duties of all peoples equal: Courage! We count upon you; we are with you heart and soul.

RENAN'S PROPHECY

A Prophecy uttered more than thirty years ago was partly fulfilled recently when Marshal Joffre took his seat in the French Academy. In 1885 Ferdinand de Lesseps was elected an Academician, and Renan pronounced the formal welcome. 'Those who hastily expressed surprise at your election,' he said, 'fail to grasp the spirit which animates the Academy. You are a master in the hardest of all schools, a school that we have too long neglected — the school of action. You are one of the few who have maintained the ancient French tradition of brilliant, glorious, and fruitful life. . . . Another who is certain to have a seat among us is the general who shall bring victory to France. There is a man at whose prose we shall not cavil. We shall elect him by acclamation, caring nothing for his writings. What a glorious session will the session of his reception be, and what an honor will be his who acts as president that day.'

BEATTY'S GOOD-BYE TO THE AMERICANS

Admiral Sir David Beatty, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet, delivered the following address on board the U.S.S. New York on December 1, before the detachment of the American Sixth Battle Squadron from the Grand Fleet.

I could not let the Sixth Battle Squadron go without coming on board the New York and saying something of what I feel at this moment of your departure. I had intended to ask Admiral Rodman to permit me to say something to representatives of all the ships of the Sixth Battle Squadron on board his flagship, but the exigencies of the service did not permit me. Therefore, as Admiral Rodman has said, what I say to you I hope you will promulgate to your comrades in other ships and also to your comrades of the Atlantic Fleet. What I say, I hope you will understand, comes from the heart, not only my heart but the hearts of your comrades of the Grand Fleet.

I want first of all to thank you, Admiral Rodman, the captains, officers, and ships' companies of this magnificent squadron for the wonderful coöperation and loyalty you have given me and my admirals and the assistance you have given us in every duty you had to undertake. The support which you have shown is that of true comradeship, and in the time of stress that is worth a very great deal. As somebody said the other day, 'Fighting is now over; talking is now going to begin.' Therefore, I do not want to keep you here any longer, but I want to congratulate you for having been present upon a day unsurpassed in the naval annals of the world. I know quite well that you, as well as all your British

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comrades, were bitterly disappointed at not being able to give effect to that efficiency you have so well maintained. It was a most disappointing day. It was a pitiful day to see those great ships coming in like sheep being herded by dogs to their fold without an effort on anybody's part, but it was a day everybody could be proud of.

I have received messages from several people offering sympathy to the Grand Fleet, and my answer was, 'We do not want sympathy. We want recognition of the fact that the prestige of the Grand Fleet stood so high it was sufficient to cause the enemy to surrender without striking a blow.' I had always certain misgivings, and when the Sixth Battle Squadron became part of the Grand Fleet those misgivings were doubly strengthened, and I knew then they would throw up their hands. Apparently, the Sixth Battle Squadron was the straw that broke the camel's back. However, the disappointment that the Grand Fleet was unable to strike their blow for the freedom of the world is counteracted by the fact that it was their prestige alone that brought about this achievement. During the last twelve months you have been with us we have learned to know each other very well. We learned to respect each other.

I want you to take back the message to the Atlantic Fleet that you have left a very warm place in the hearts of the Grand Fleet which cannot be filled until you come back or send another squadron to represent you. You have given us a sample of the Atlantic Fleet which I think it will try the Atlantic Fleet, efficient as it is, very hard to reproduce. I understand you are now going to Portland, where you are to get leave. After that you have the duty to perform of bringing your President to these waters, and then you will return to your own shores. And I hope in the sunshine, which Admiral Rodman tells me always shines there, you will not forget your 'comrades of the mist' and your pleasant associations of the North Sea. This is a queer place, as you found, but you were not the first to find it out. There was a great explorer, Marco Polo, who, after traveling over the world for thirty years, one day found himself in the North Sea and then went home and went to bed and did not travel any more. I trust it will not have the same effect on any of you, but I can say that those of you whom I have seen during the last twelve months seem to have improved in many ways, if it is possible, and I think the North Sea has a health-giving quality which must be put against all the bad points, of which it has so many.

I thank you again, again, and again for the great part the Sixth Battle Squadron has played in bringing about the greatest naval victory in history. I hope you will give this message to your comrades. 'Come back soon.' Good-bye and good luck.

COWPER'S GARDEN

COWPER'S garden, which contains the famous summer house, is for sale, and has been offered to the trustees of the Cowper and Newton Museum at Olney. It is hoped that the trustees will be able to secure the property for the town and nation. There is the danger, if the opportunity be lost, of the garden being acquired for business purposes, in which case its character would be destroyed. Communications should be made to Mr. Thomas Wright, Secretary of the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks.

THE MISDEEDS OF THE KINEMA

THE accompanying letter, addressed to the Editor of the *Times*, will certainly meet with a sympathetic reception in America.

Sir,— Is there no way of protecting the masterpieces of English fiction from the onslaughts of kinema companies? There is at present a version of *Adam Bede* going the round of the picture theatres. It issues from the International Exclusives (Limited), and the scenario is the work of Mr. Kenelm Foss. This travesty of a great book, while reaping all the benefits attaching to it, by advertising itself under the same name, yet does not hesitate to tamper with the very essence of the original conception. In this film version Hetty

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Sorrel's child does not die — that might make Hetty unpopular with the audience and would preclude any chance of a 'happy ending.' For this new *Adam Bede* does 'end happily.' Hetty places the child where gypsies will rescue it, which they accordingly do. She is arrested and tried for the murder of her child, two men having seen her bending over a lake with it in her arms, and, even in the absence of any proof, such as the finding of the body might constitute, is condemned to death. In an effecting scene in her prison cell we are shown Hetty joining the hands of Adam and Dinah! This is surely enough to make the real Hetty, with her resentment, her fierce, childlike egoism, turn in the pages of the book, but worse is to come. Arthur Donnithorne, returning to England, pastes up notices promising the gypsies a reward if they will give up the child; and the gypsies, reading the notice on a tree-trunk, ride to the foot of the gallows, babe on arm, just in time to save Hetty. The proof of identification apparently consists of a knitted woolen sock to which Hetty has the fellow. But worse — or should we say better? — is still to come. The story ends with a double wedding. Adam and Dinah are married on the same day that Arthur Donnithorne leads Hetty to the altar — in all the pomp of white satin and joyous attendants. One presumes that a reception followed at which the baby was the guest of honor. The only thing missing is any indication as to where the couple spent their honeymoon, or whether their providentially-restored offspring accompanied them.

It only remains to us to see a film version of *David Copperfield* wherein Steerforth marries Little Em'ly, with Mr. Littimer as best man. Or an improvement on *Romeo and Juliet* in which an emetic is administered to the lovers and the Montagues and Capulets are reconciled over their convalescent forms.

Yours faithfully,

F. Tennyson Jesse.

FRENCH NAMES FOR GERMAN STREETS

From an order issued by the new Government of Metz

Kaiser-Wilhelm-Ring shall be called *Avenue Maréchal Foch*, Kaiserin-Augusta-Ring shall be called *Avenue Maréchal Joffre*, Kaiser Wilhelm Platz shall be called *Place de la Republique*, Kaiser Wilhelmstrasse shall be called *Rue du Maréchal Pétain*, Militaerstrasse shall be called *Rue du Général Mangin*, Prinz-Friedrich-Karl-Tor shall be called *Porte Serpenoise*, Hohenzollernstrasse shall be called *Rue de la Marne*, Hohenlohestrasse shall be called *Rue de la Verdun*, Bismarckstrasse shall become *Rue 19 Novembre*, Herzog Nicolaustrasse *Rue de l'Yser*, Merovinger-Anlage *Rue Georges Clemenceau*, Mosel Anlage *boulevard President Poincaré*, Prinz-Friedrich-Karlestrasse *Rue du President Wilson*, Koenigin-Luisen-Platz *Place Général*, Maud'huy Kaiser Karlstrasse *Rue Général de Castelnau*, Prinzessin-Victoria-Luisenstrasse *Rue Roi Albert*, Luitpoldstrasse *Rue de l'Argonne*, Prinz-Friedrich-Karl-Platz *Place Roi George V*.

A GERMAN NOTE ON ALSACE

Vorwärts recently published this note on Alsace from the pen of the Socialist Emil Fischer, former editor of the Strassburg *Freie Presse*. The letters W.S.C. evidently refer to the Workers' and Soldiers' Committees.

With the entry of the French troops the majority of the Alsace-Lorrainers threw off the mask. It is due solely to the activity of the W.S.C.'s that the German troops were able to leave the country unhindered. Here and there soldiers demanded the return of their arms for fear of aggression from the great part of the inhabitants. By wise behavior the W.S.C.'s succeeded in maintaining peace and order. With the French entry the Soldiers' Councils ceased to exist. In Strassburg the members of the S.C. who remained in the country passed over to the Workers' Council, which, however, was dissolved by the French, and some days later several of its German members — Union leaders Rebholz, Schulenburg, Ziegler, and Party Secretary Eckhardt — were arrested on the pretext of examining the Council's accounts, in reality because the French

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Government fears a revolutionary movement led by the German Socialists and Trade Union officials.

The French measures made it daily more clear that the whole aim of the Government is to destroy the German Trade Union and Socialist movement. The Chief Commissary, Maringer, who exercises the functions of the former Statthalter, proclaimed that no German must be permitted in the Executive Committee of the Trade Unions, thus pronouncing their death-warrant, as all who know Alsace-Lorraine recognize, practically all the officials and active members being of old German extraction. Further, the following comrades were banished, with twenty-four hours' grace: Workers' Secretary Portenkirchner, District Leader of the Builders' Union Voigt, Officer of the Painters' organization Vanderberg, and the writer. Furniture was not allowed to be taken.

With this swift interference is contrasted the patience of the French at the plundering of German businesses. In broad daylight troops of striplings, accompanied by inquisitive and malicious bourgeois elements, tore down the flags hoisted in fear by the German business houses, and at night plundering bands broke the windows of German shops and stole large quantities of goods. The cigar business of the Socialist deputy Böhle was rifled in the night after Pétain's entry and Böhle himself wounded. This act shows most clearly the momentary mood of the population, for Böhle was precisely the man who interested himself zealously in the fugitives and soldiers of Alsace-Lorraine and publicly scourged in the Reichstag the unhappy German militarism in Alsace-Lorraine. For days the mob was allowed to rage without check.

The French Government recognizes in Alsace-Lorraine only two classes of population, Frenchmen and foreigners. The former are those who descend from the inhabitants of 1870, the latter all who have immigrated since then and their descendants, even if born in the country. Also all naturalized Alsace-Lorrainers are regarded and treated as aliens. As an effect of this, consider a recent proclamation by Clemenceau relative to the invalidation of German money, which ceases to be current on Dec. 16. For 1 Mark, is paid 1 Franc and 25 Centimes, yet only to old Alsatians and their adherents and to subjects of neutral and Allied States. All other inhabitants receive 60 Centimes per Mark. Also, to throttle all German influence, all the Communal Councils elected in 1914 by universal and equal franchise are dissolved. The native Town Councilors retain their mandate, the Germans are simply replaced by pro-French citizens. Thus the French are making a clean sweep in Alsace-Lorraine. Their chief effort is to root out Germanism, and at the same time suppress the Trade Union and political movement. Those few Alsatian 'comrades' who displayed tricolor cockades and shouted 'Vive L'Armée,' gain no benefit. How little the French regard Alsace-Lorraine Social Democracy is seen by the substitution of a bourgeois Mayor in Strassburg before the entry of Poincaré and Clemenceau.

Everything points to the fact that French militarism is preparing a death-blow to the proletarian movement, just as Bismarck did in Germany after 1870. Only if Alsace-Lorraine Social Democracy unreservedly adheres to the International movement can it survive. In that case it would form a link between the French and the German proletariat, and perform a part, rich in blessing, in the International. Only by setting a barrier to the present Nationalist wave can they form the bridge between Germany and France and thereby also to the great League of Nations.

THE LATE CECIL CHESTERTON

CECIL CHESTERTON, one of the best-known British journalists, editor of the *New Witness*, and a brother of 'G. K. C.,' died recently from influenza contracted in the trenches. Solomon Eagle, literary critic of the *New Statesman* dedicates this paragraph to his memory.

It is a common and an obvious thing to say when a man dies that he has left nobody behind him who can quite fill his place. But of Cecil Chesterton this is true. It is not a question of his contribution to

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political thought — though he at least stood for courage in politics and the hatred of powerful corruption; it is a question of personality. People who knew him slightly, or by repute, often assumed that his chief characteristics were a love of jollification and a belief in the social value of beer. Nothing could be more hopelessly off the tracks. He liked taverns; but when he was in a tavern he spent half his time totally oblivious of the tankard in his hand. He was never happy except when discussing an intellectual problem; and I should not be surprised to learn that even during his last illness he expounded theology or politics to the doctors at his bedside. He would stand in a Fleet Street bar, a short, stout, jovial figure, emphatically beating the one hand with the other, elucidating Roman dogma, explaining the precise limits of the theory, and the ascertained facts, of evolution in Darwin and the Post-Darwinians; sketching the Constitution of the United States; analyzing what he thought the decay of English institutions during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; or rolling out the most resounding passages in Shakespeare or Swinburne, Huxley or Newman. He was totally free from self-consciousness; he made no difference between one audience and another; if the people in the bar cared to listen, they might; as a private soldier he probably discoursed to his fellow privates in precisely the same way as he did to his literary companions; and I would not mind betting that he interested and amused them, and that they liked and respected him. The *New Witness*, under his editorship, was frequently extravagant, intolerant, inaccurate and unjust; but it often told truths that no one else would tell; for its editor was afraid of nobody, in fact scarcely understood what fear was.

ADMIRAL HALL AND THE SPY

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Manchester Guardian* has been writing about the British Intelligence service.

I told the story last Tuesday of the great Dover barrage bluff. It was topical at the moment, although the reason could not then be mentioned. The news of Admiral Hall's coming retirement from his post as Chief of the Naval Intelligence, however, is now public property. He was responsible for that great bluff, by which the Germans paid handsomely through their Secret Service for plans of a magnificent (but non-existent) barrage at Dover, which scared them for several weeks from trying to get their submarines through the Straits. He was the author of many naval bluffs which were of great service to the country.

One story that is told of him is very characteristic of the simplicity and effectiveness of his methods. A German spy, a naval officer masquerading as an American, was known to be trying to return to Germany through London and Holland. The information is said to have been rather indefinite, but a passenger who was arriving at a London station was believed to be the man. Admiral Hall is said to have turned up at the station in uniform and questioned the suspect as he left the train. The suspect however, had all the papers, and his American accent was good. Suddenly the Admiral shouted to him in German, 'How dare you stand like that when you are speaking to a superior officer?' The suspect straightened his back, his heels clicked, and his hand was half-way up to the salute before he could control himself. It was then too late, and after the arrest the proofs were found. The Admiral knew that if the man could be surprised no exercise of will could prevent the body of a German officer reacting to an order.

I have heard the opinions of many naval officers in active service on the intelligence work. They say that 'Hall never let us down.' That is a big thing to say about so delicate and shifting a quantity as secret intelligence. Personally Admiral Hall is one of the most popular men in the navy, and to those outside of it who have the privilege to know him his retirement, if it means leaving London, will be a great loss.

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EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

The Frankfurter Zeitung is one of the most widely read German newspapers; it has long been an advocate of political liberalism. Word comes that more radical journals are now referring to the ex-Kaiser as Wilhelm the last.

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Mr. G. D. L. Horsburgh was chief engineer of Messrs. Egerton-Hubbard's textile works at Schlusselburg, near Petrograd, from May, 1914, until he escaped recently from Russia.

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The Nation (edited by **Mr. H. W. Massingham**) keeps the point of view of advanced, humanitarian, radical-liberalism before the British public.

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The Spectator's tradition may be called one of moderate-liberalism. During the war, the *Spectator* has made a point of championing America.

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Major General Sir Charles E. Callwell is a veteran of many compaigns; the LIVING AGE recently reprinted his *Gibraltar and Ceuta*.

L. P. Jacks, author of the *Snarley Bob* stories is principal of Manchester College, Oxford, and editor of the *Hibbert Journal*.

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Collette Willy — or simply, **Collette,** is the author of *La Paix chez les Bêles* and of various novels and stories.

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W. L. George, whose most recent book, *The Intelligence of Women*, was published in America in 1918, is well known here as a novelist and a student of social problems.

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E. S. P. Haynes, author and dramatist, is famous for his whimsical treatment of contemporary problems.

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Dora Sigerson, author of many novels and books of poetry, is, in private life, the wife of C. K. Shorter the biographer of the Brontës.

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L'Echo de Paris is the mouthpiece of French conservative nationalism. The article is signed by 'Pertinax,' the paper's chief editorial writer.

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Le Figaro reflects the moderate tendencies of the Parisian upper classes.

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THE GRAY SLEEP

BY NORAH RICHARDSON

(R.I.P.—Midshipman, H.M.S. Hawke)

Shuddering lift of a steel-gray sea,
Bite of the Northern gale,
Shriek of the gulls that wheel and flee
From the long dark smoke-wreaths' trail,
Where the lean gray watch-dogs pant as they glide
On the lonely waste of the great gray tide.

Lonelier depths that the gray sands fill
In the deep beneath the deep,
Shadowy pools where the tides are still
And some of the watch-dogs sleep —
There's a sting to-day in the Cotswold air;
Is n't it cold, lad, under there?

You, with a hand on your watch-dog's chain
Ah! but so short a while;
Gallant body and eager brain
And the lure of youth in your smile—
(Dear small laddie I held from harm
Safe and warm in the crook of my arm).

. . . . . .

Lone lie the watch-dogs, lone and far,
Sundered the sands they press —
But under the waves where the watch-dogs are
There is no loneliness.
Proud do we sleep in that vasty bed,
Companied still by the glorious dead.

Silent and proud we dream and wait
Till the long last watch is through —
Stoker and admiral, middy and mate,
And a Marshal of England, too —
More than content with such to be
Under the waves of the gray North Sea.

More than content, though our rest be stark;
For ever about our dreams,
Radiant-warm, like a rose in the dark,
The honor of England gleams —
And neither waters nor death can chill
The warmth of the love that holds us still.
Dear hearts that love us, we gave our gift,
But the greatest gifts we hold —
Till the last white fog from the waves shall lift,
And the last gray dawn turn gold,
And the last red sun in the far west dip,
Honor and love and comradeship.

The Poetry Review

I SAW CHILDREN PLAYING

BY DORA SIGERSON

I saw children playing, dancing in a ring,
Till a voice came calling, calling one away;
With sad backward glances she went loitering,
Hoping they would miss her and so cease to play. . . .

So as I went chatting through the city's hum,
With my old companions laughing on the way,
Came a voice low calling, calling me to come
To my lonely sleeping, leaving work and play.

With sad, mournful glances do I look to see
If a heart should loving pause and turn aside
From the happy circles and then come to me,
Sighing, 'Do not leave us — still with us abide.'

No! they still are playing, chatting in a ring,
Eager voices seeking other games to know.
Lone, I go protesting — hear them laugh and sing,
Feeling not my absence, heeding not my woe.

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